SKETCHES

OF

ENGLISH HOME LIFE

OF THE

MIDDLE CLASSES.

BY

ELLA M. M. RIDSDALE.

FIRST EDITION,—3,000 COPIES.

THE CHRISTIAN LITERATURE SOCIETY FOR INDIA:
LONDON AND MADRAS.

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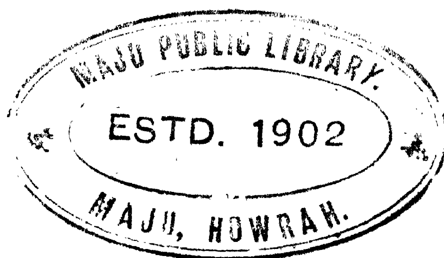
Before the eyes of men let duly shine thy light
But ever let thy life's best part be out of sight. *Trench.*

What is there left for us, save, in growth
Of soul to rise . . . .
From the gift, looking to the Giver,
And from the cistern to the River,
And from the finite to Infinity,
And from man's dust to God's Divinity.—*R. Browning.*

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DEDICATED, BY EXPRESS PERMISSION,

TO

Her Highness the Maharani Regent

OF

MYSORE.

OPINIONS.

LITERATURE has many functions, and one of its happiest is often one of its least pretentious,—that of helping to harmonize and brighten households less peaceful than they might easily be made. It is in the *home*, as Wordsworth tells us, that we find our happiness, or not at all. What has the greatest nation for its moral basis but a number of households, some stately, some lowly; but both alike being capable of being good and happy if only their inmates live under the sway of unselfish aims, benign affections, and those manners which are but the outward expression of good principles in the usages of daily life. To promote such principles, and shape such households, is to do more for a nation than to double its dominion and wealth;—things often but snares. It does more for total humanity than scientific discoveries that reduce to any extent those material evils which prey upon the race; for with those physical evils, man's moral well-being is often most closely connected."

Spectator.

Domestic life is, by the good providence of God, the refuge and stronghold of morality, the honour, dignity, and mainstay of nations.

Lord Shaftesbury.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

THIS little book grew out of the urgent requests of many of my Hindu Student-friends in Southern India that I would write them some articles on "English home-life, manners and customs" to be read at their various Literary and Religious Associations. This was done; and in the course of the conversations that followed, I became aware of the many incorrect impressions that were abroad, both as to English customs, and as to Christianity; and as the subject expanded before me I felt that it could not be adequately treated without showing how the teachings of Jesus Christ lie at the very heart of all that is best in English Home Life. Meanwhile, as the articles were written, they were appearing in print one by one, anonymously in the "*Hindu*."

I therefore wrote to the courteous Editor of that paper to ask if he would permit me, in the final chapters, to give an '*inside*' view of what Christianity really is, in the pages of his Journal.

To that he cordially assented; and I have to thank not only him, but my Hindu friends in general for their candour and courtesy; and for the appreciation that has been accorded to these simple little sketches.

Grateful thanks also are due to the Royal Lady whose enlightened sympathy and liberality have accomplished so much for the women of this State; and to whom, by kind permission, this little volume is dedicated.

ELLA M. M. RIDSDALE,

Lady Supt., Maharani Girls' School,
Mysore, South India.

October 27th, 1898.

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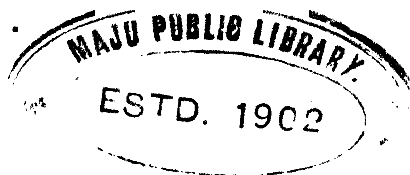
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PICTURES

OF

ENGLISH (MIDDLE. CLASS) HOME LIFE.

CHAPTER I.

COURTSHIP.

"Ill Monarch of man's heart the Maiden who
Does not aspire to be High Pontiff too!"

In Godhead rise, thither flow back
All loves, which as they keep or lack
In their return the course assigned,
Are virtue or sin. Love's every kind;
Lofty or low, spirit or sense . . . .

* * * *

Spirit is heavy Nature's wing;
And is not rightly anything
Without its burden; whereas this,
Wingless, at least a maggot is,
And, winged, is honour and delight
Increasing endlessly with height.

—*Coventry Patmore.*

I. THE very word home-life, in England, pre-supposes a marriage.

II. In England every marriage means the setting-up of a new separate home. There is no such thing as Joint Family life.

III. The very first axiom concerning marriage that an English boy hears, is, that *it is criminal for any man to marry till he has the means of supporting a wife in comfort, and of himself providing for the maintenance and education of any children he may have.*

IV. As not one Englishwoman in a hundred would ever marry, unless she and her husband could have a separate home to themselves, the man has to provide means for a separate, sufficiently furnished house, however small, to which to take his bride.

V. It would in England be considered an outrage against propriety, common-sense, and the well-being of Society for a school-boy to become a husband or father.

VI. Consequently, all but the very lowest and most degraded classes [who in all nations alike are proverbially self-indulgent and unthrifty] are trained from infancy, and almost unconsciously, in three things, *i.e.*, Independence, Self-Control, and Hygiene.

Let us suppose the case of a young man who has employment which brings him sufficient means to warrant him in thoughts of marriage. [And it must not be supposed that a very large income is required, or that very late marriages are advocated. A thrifty young couple will make a very little go a very long way. The great point is that they *should be self-supporting*, and looking to no one else whatever for help.] This young man has from infancy associated more or less freely with his sisters and other lady-friends, *always*, of course, with certain reserves and limitations. These ladies are all educated about as highly as himself, and they have many rational interests and resources in common. If one specially attracts him, and he wishes to make her his wife, he by many reverent little attentions can convey to her a knowledge of his special regard: and if not repulsed he then in most cases proceeds to ask her father's consent to be allowed to make proposals of marriage to her. Either by letter, or in a personal interview, the proposals are invariably made *to the lady herself*, and there is no shadow of compulsion on either man or woman to enter into such a contract unless they themselves wish it.

Marriage therefore is not a common topic of conversation in England, except among some rather foolish and busybody sort of people. It is a sacred contract between two, and in the majority of middle-class marriages,

strong, sacred, mutual affection, is the basis upon which the marriage rests. Should the lady not feel able to reciprocate his affection in this way, she thanks him for the honour he has done her in thus selecting her out of all the women of his acquaintance, but tells him frankly, and very definitely, that she has only friendship to give, and that he must please consider her answer final. It ought to be, and to a good girl generally is, a painful thing to refuse, and to repay affection by indifference; and the subject is kept sacredly to herself. She will not speak of it to any but her mother. Of course, a system like this is very liable to be abused; and there are some low-minded people of both sexes who delight in drawing one another on to imagine serious regard is felt, just from a cruel vanity. But they are contemptible to a degree, and have certainly never realized the sanctity of such relations. Speaking of this, a modern scientist writes: "In our modern social system there is nothing more wicked than that detestable playing with fire known as flirtation."

It also sometimes happens that a lady refuses, and afterwards regrets doing so. In most cases she has not the courage to tell her lover that she has changed her mind, and suffers in silence. Such silence may after all spring from a false idea of true womanliness, as it is unfair both to herself and to him.

When the proposals are acceptable to the lady, the parents' sanction is sought to the engagement, and this sanction is rarely refused if there is reasonable prospect of happiness. Sometimes young couples wait for many years, constant to each other, but unwilling to marry without their parents' full consent and blessing. The cases in which marriages are carried through without parental sanction are very rare. In England neither man nor woman is legally of age until twenty-one years old. The man usually gives his future wife an engagement-ring, which is worn on the third finger of the left hand as a sign to all; and the young couple receive informal congratulations from their friends. There is no further expense whatever, and no ceremony connected with an engagement.

Marriage by no means follows immediately. Probably either the girl's parents or circumstances demand a probation time, varying from three months to seven years. Generally the engagement lasts about two years.

If, during this time, the contracting parties discover themselves to be unsuited to each other, the engagement may be terminated; but to break an engagement is usually considered a more or less disgraceful thing. During the time of engagement the young folks have each their daily duties. He works hard, and saves all the money he can to hasten the happy day. She also, in many instances, has her own profession, such as teaching in high school, or privately; teaching art, nursing in hospital, &c., &c., and she also saves her money and invests in a sewing machine, or musical instrument, or some other thing that shall be useful or beautiful in her future home. If they live at a distance from each other, they write letters constantly. If both are residents of the same town, they meet frequently after their day's work is done, and go for long walks together; or sometimes he may hire a boat, and tossing off his coat, delight in testing the strength of his muscles in her service by rowing her for miles up some lovely river. Sometimes, but not always by any means, they are accompanied by friends. But *always*, special opportunities are given to engaged people to get thoroughly acquainted with each other's tastes, habits, and dispositions. They talk over everything, and make many happy plans for their future life together.

The noble Christian Poet Tennyson speaks of this period of Courtship, as one of the most educative in a young man's life.

He says:

> "Men should vow
> To love one maiden only, cleave to her
> And worship her by years of noble deeds
> Until they won her. For indeed I know
> Of no more subtle master under heaven
> Than is the maiden-passion for a maid;

Not only to keep down the base in man,
But teach high thought, and amiable words,
And courtliness, and the desire of fame,
And love of truth, and *all that makes a man.*"

And if that is true of the man, I am sure that the effect of a true and constant love is equally great upon the young woman. It is a shield to her against folly and flattery, and a stimulus to learning, economy, and self-improvement in every way. Happy indeed is the man or woman who is capable of inspiring so pure and exalted a friendship. But let not those who themselves indulge low views of life or love ever dream that they can be an inspiration to others.

But it will be quite evident that such a relation cannot wisely exist between very young persons. It is the great aim of English parents that their children should grow up to young man and womanhood in absolute un-self-consciousness, knowing and caring nothing whatever about marriage until they are old enough to think wisely and rightly.

There are of course exceptional cases ; but as a rule, if a girl of fifteen or sixteen begins to evince any interest in these matters, she is gently checked by her mother, and told that it is only foolish and forward little girls who trouble their heads prematurely about things that will not concern them for years to come. A wholesome-hearted English boy of the same age will generally settle matters for himself by promptly fighting any one who presumes to speak to him in a personal way of such matters. Frequently lads of that age are exceedingly scornful towards their sisters and female relatives and friends.

I remember hearing a gentleman speak to his young son of fifteen or sixteen about being a little careful and respectful towards women as he was growing up, and would probably be married himself in a few years.

"*I* married in a few years"! exclaimed the lad indignantly. "Really Father, you make yourself quite silly."

Setting up the Home.

As the marriage time draws near, the next thing is the choice of a house. There are many earnest consultations about this, and the young couple go off house-hunting together.

Many houses are visited, and carefully looked over. Of course they want a pretty house, a convenient house, in a healthy situation, and not too far from the husband's place of business.

Then too the amount of rent has to be considered.

In looking over the houses, the prudent young husband-elect is specially interested in the drainage and all sanitary considerations. He does not want to see his wife pine and droop; neither does he want constant demands on his purse for doctor's bills.

The bride-elect is particularly interested in the convenience of the ovens, and cooking apparatus, which is a fixture in English houses: and in a good supply of cupboards and store places. After these excursions are over and a house chosen, the young couple, as grave as judge and jury in one, will, at their next meeting, get pencil and paper, and jot down all the expenses which the husband's income will have to meet.

Income—so much.

Expenditure.—Rent, so much; taxes, so much; cost of food and firing; travelling; postage; giving to charities; clothing; doctor's bills, &c., &c.

If they find the expenses are likely to be as much as the income, they sorrowfully decide they must wait a little longer, or else determine in some way to cut down their expenses: for it is an understood thing in England among sensible people, that if the man's income be only two-and-a-half annas a year, they must somehow manage to live upon two-and-a-quarter annas, and put by one-quarter anna in some bank to be ready in case of sickness or emergency

Most English people are trained to detest being in debt, and to think it exceedingly wrong. Ready money is paid now for almost everything.

If the income seems to be sufficient, there is rejoicing. And then the prospective husband begs his lady to name the earliest date at which she will come to him. It is always the bride's part to fix the wedding-day.

In England every day is as good as another.

There are no horoscopes to be consulted; no superstitions concerning lucky or unlucky days or months. But of course people usually prefer to be married in the lovely spring-time or summer, when all nature rejoices.

So the bride-elect fixes the day; generally about a month or six weeks off, so as to give time for the furnishing of the house, and for the preparation of her own bridal *trousseau* as it is called; meaning the stock of clothes, she takes with her.

Most prudent young couples have laid aside a special sum of money for the furnishing; and sometimes sensible relations and friends give them wedding presents in the form of money.

In the furnishing there is unlimited scope for diversity of taste.

There is no such thing as (மாமூல்) custom, and indeed originality is rather admired. Some people will spend an extravagant sum, and yet not have either the beauty or convenience of others, who on a very small amount of money will furnish tastefully and comfortably. I must give a few details as to what is considered absolutely necessary.

In England every house is at least two, if not three storeys high. On the first floor are the sitting and dining-rooms and the kitchens. The kitchen is not a sacred place as it is in this country. There, almost all the rough work of the house is done, the food prepared, the cups and plates washed, the household stores of provisions stored in convenient cupboards and almirahs, &c.

For the kitchen therefore is needed a good-sized white deal-table, a few chairs, shelves for long rows of plates, cooking-utensils, &c., and cupboards with shelves and drawers for the storing of table and other household linen. A nice bright steel fender guards the fireplace, and a bright

coloured rug or mat gives an air of comfort. An English kitchen is a delightful place on a winter-afternoon, with a blazing fire, a cat sleeping comfortably on the rug, and everything in its place, polished and tidy.

The dining-room is the place where the meals are taken when prepared. English husbands and wives invariably eat together, and as soon as the children are old enough to know how to behave nicely at table, they also take their meals with their parents; and many delightful and educative times they have, listening to the clever or merry talk of their elders. There is an old proverb however to the effect that "Children should be seen, not heard" at the dining-table.

For the furnishing of the dining-room then, a family dining-table of good size is a necessity, and at least half-a-dozen chairs; also a book-case for their books. This, and all the other rooms are nicely carpeted or matted. As much more furniture as is desired may be added, but these things are essential. So also are white lace, or crimson cloth curtains before the windows.

English people are not a particularly gregarious race. They are very reserved as a rule, and must have privacy.

Every Englishman's house is his castle, and no one can enter without ringing a bell, and being admitted from the inside. One of the most appalling things to English ideas, when one first comes to India, is the publicity of everything; the impossibility of securing anything like real privacy.

The drawing-room is not a necessity. Still, most people prefer to furnish one, with dainty chairs, small tables, and couches, in which to sit when at leisure, or in which to receive visitors.

There are no verandahs in England, and very few gardens except to country houses. Ground is exceedingly dear.

Let us now consider the furnishing of the upstairs bedrooms.

Each bedroom has a bed or beds, with sheets, pillows and blankets, chairs, chest of drawers, &c. Probably there

is a dressing or bath-room near. If not, a portion of the room is screened off, and full appliances for the toilet are to be found in each bedroom. One table holds a looking glass, brushes, and other necessaries. Another table has a large shallow basin of water, and there are tin baths, and further supplies of water conveniently at hand for plentiful ablutions. If there is a proper bath-room, there will be hot and cold water laid on in pipes, and procurable simply by turning a tap in the wall. Soap and large towels, &c., must also be provided; for, partly owing to the rigors of climate, partly to English notions of refinement, every matter connected with the toilet is strictly confined to the privacy of these bathing or dressing-rooms. The bare essentials of furnishing are now complete.

Wedding Ceremonies.

As regards the wedding ceremonies also a person can have just as much or as little expense and pomp as he likes. An Englishman as a rule has an intense hatred of ceremony and publicity. The "insular horror of anything like a function" is proverbial. He looks forward to a gay wedding with the feelings of a martyr.

But very generally the bride likes to have all her friends present, and to have more or less pomp. And as, on this day of all days, the bridegroom takes the secondary position, the lady usually decides the style of the wedding.

Before the wedding day, wedding presents begin to arrive and often they are very useful, and are a great help to the young couple.

A wedding takes place as a rule in the forenoon. It does not last for days, as Indian weddings do. Carriages take the bride and her relatives to the Church at the appointed time, where the bridegroom and his special friends are awaiting her.

The ceremony itself is a short, solemn, and simple one. On reaching the Church the bride's father or elder brother leads her up to the altar, where her husband joins her,

standing at her right hand before the Priest. The Priest then charges them both, before all the persons there present, that if there is known to be any reason why they should not be joined in marriage they are to declare it.

If there be no such obstacle, the Priest then directs the bridegroom to take the woman's right hand, and he promises before God and the people that he will love, comfort, honour and keep her in sickness and in health, and forsaking all other keep only to her, as long as they both shall live. Then the woman in like manner taking her husband's right hand, promises to obey, love, honour, and serve her husband and him only as long as they both shall live. The Priest then blesses them, and after a few prayers and instructions as to their new duties, they leave the Church. The whole service is over in about half-an-hour.

They then return to the house of the bride's mother, where a feast is prepared for the bride, bridegroom, relatives, and guests: and after the feasting, when the joyful congratulations and speeches are over, the young couple usually bid farewell and depart within an hour or two, either by railroad or coach for a holiday together. This is called the wedding-tour. Formerly they used to stay away for a month. Now, a week is rarely exceeded. They have just time to get a good holiday either at the seaside or among the mountains.

The whole tendency of modern English life is more and more to simplicity in these matters.

On their return from their holiday they set apart a day for receiving their friends, and then settle down to begin their home-life together.

CHAPTER II.

House-keeping.

> "I feel, as only woman can,
> To make the heart's wealth of some man,
> And through the untender world to move
> Safe wrapped in his superior love
> How sweet! How sweet the household round
> Of duties, and their narrow bound,
> So plain, that to transgress were hard,
> Yet full of manifest reward."
>
> —*Coventry Patmore from "Victories of Love."*

An English husband always gives his wife a fixed sum of money monthly, on which to keep house. Of the expenditure of this money she keeps a strict account, which she renders to him at regular intervals. It is the wife who buys in all provisions, pays all bills, gives out what is required, attends to the wear and tear, and manages the domestic department entirely. With a well-trained efficient lady at the head of affairs, comfort and economy go hand in hand. With an ill-trained one, the waste and discomfort are prodigious.

I have found very mistaken ideas as to ordinary English home-life prevailing in India. The kind of English life one sees out here is necessarily very misleading. Here you see chiefly Government-officials and Missionaries, neither of whom are types of English life. Then too, the climatic and social conditions of India, as well as the character of their work, make it necessary that English people in India should have quite a retinue of servants, horses, and carriages. These are necessary if English people are to live in any comfort and work in this climate; but still, as I say, they give a very misleading idea of ordinary English life. I am throughout speaking designedly of *middle*-class life. Of course there are many degrees of

upper and lower class even in that; but speaking broadly, it is the middle-class that constitutes the morality, strength, and prosperity of the British nation.

In England comparatively few middle-class people save doctors, would keep a horse and carriage. Certainly not any with an income of less than £1,000 a year. They are not necessary. Public conveyances are exceedingly numerous, and very cheap, and can be hired whenever necessary. Moreover the ubiquitous bicycle obviates the need even of these to a large extent.

Then too the activity of the English people, and the very great importance that is attached to physical exercise by both sexes and all classes, leads many to prefer walking to any other mode of getting about. They walk long distances and in all weathers. Indeed, in many ways English people rough it in a way that would appal the dignified and indolent Eastern races.

Few among the middle classes keep more than two household servants; very frequently only one, a woman-servant.

In those houses where men-servants are kept, they are very carefully dressed in a fine uniform, with many gilt buttons. It is no unusual thing to see the master going about in an old tweed shooting-jacket and cloth cap; while his butler is arrayed in spick-and-span uniform, silk stockings, powdered hair, &c. So also the coachman will be dressed in first-class style, with tall hat surrounded by a broad silver band, and spotless gloves. Yet only the uninitiated could ever mistake the master for the servant.

All this goes to show the Englishman's abhorrence of show and grandeur as far as himself is concerned. It is in the refinements and appointments of their homes that their fine instincts are shown.

In the same way English ladies will never wear jewelry in the day-time. It is reserved for evening occasions. Occasionally a person is to be met in broad daylight with rings, chains, and lockets, ostentatiously displayed, even over out-door apparel, but she is sure to be some landlady or barmaid.

But it is an undeniable fact that the constant changes and eccentricities of fashion in feminine attire are much to be deplored, and often make Englishwomen objects of good-humoured raillery even among their own families and acquaintances.

It is a common saying that it takes a woman to make a *home*.

The average man makes a *den*.

That is fairly true; but what sort of a home, depends upon the woman at the head of it.

Most Englishwomen can turn their hand to any sort of work in a house. English people generally have a great idea of the dignity of labour. They are a very independent race, and realise that if they serve themselves they will probably be well-served.

Consequently not a few young couples, even among the very respectable and well-to-do, prefer to begin their married life entirely without servants. This is also partly due to the increasing difficulty of getting good servants, and to the high wages they demand.

But to do without servants in England is much easier than it would seem at first sight. For instance, there is no laborious drawing and carrying water from wells. Almost every house is supplied both upstairs and downstairs with an unlimited supply of cold water, which is procured simply by turning a tap in the wall. In the same way one turns another tap, or draws up a plug, and the waste water runs away down pipes to a drain, and is carried away underground. Gas also is laid on in every house, so that all the trouble connected with cleaning and lighting oil-lamps is done away with. You simply turn a screw, apply a lighted match to the gas-burner, and there you have your light. In making fires, *coal* is used instead of wood. This will burn steadily for hours, and when the fire needs attention, simply another supply of coal is put on. In this way the work of the house is minimized. When the food is once prepared and put to cook, it can be left without attention for a given time to cook itself.

Every well-trained lady knows how to do everything in a house, and is not ashamed to do it either if need be. Formerly Englishwomen used to think it very grand to be delicate, and to be ignorant of everything relating to health and household management. They spent their time in making wool-work and wax-work abominations, and grew pale and fanciful over it. But with the advance of civilization of the robust nineteenth century, these foolish ideas have passed away. The *Dhobie* is an unknown person in England. There are public steam-laundries, but generally each family has its washing done at home. A woman, called a washerwoman, comes once a week or fortnight to do this, and is paid from Rs. 2 to Rs. 2-8 *a day!* Another day is devoted to the ironing. Very likely the lady of the house, or her daughters will help in superintending the washing and ironing of the finest things. Many ladies think themselves responsible for their husbands' cuffs and collars at least; and take great pride in making them as brilliant as possible. In fact, there exists in the main, no sort of prejudice against any sort of healthy work in the home. We think it matters not so much *what* is done, as *how* it is done, that makes work noble or otherwise.

I lay emphasis on these points because many men run away with the idea that all English people keep many servants, and could not live in their way without them; and also that highly-educated women must of necessity despise household management, manual work, and looking after children. That strange development the "New Woman" probably does so; but mercifully she is a type personally unknown to many of us, and we should not care to be judged of by her standards. [Always supposing she has any.] The best women will never think otherwise than that the work for which God specially designed them; *i.e.*, the being true helpmeets to their husbands, and the rearing and training of little children, [either their own or other people's] is the highest possible to them; and they will humbly seek help from God to fulfil these duties in the best possible way.

To return to the young housekeeper. I will sketch a day's work for a lady who keeps no servant.

Probably she has put the paper, wood, and coal, ready in the fireplace the evening before. If she is a dainty damsel she has a pair of old gloves which she slips on while she does such things. As soon as the husband wakes in the morning he puts on his dressing-gown and going down-stairs strikes a match, sets the fire alight and puts a kettle of water on to boil for the coffee. Meantime the wife is dressing. I may say in passing that no person or child wears at night any portion of the clothing worn during the day. At night a dress made of woollen stuff is worn. This is considered most essential to health. Before dressing, immediately on rising, a cold plunge, or sponge-bath is taken, followed by a brisk rubbing with towels to restore circulation and warmth. This does not take more than five minutes, and is a grand preventive of colds and fevers in that trying climate. Having dressed with care and exactness and offered a short prayer to God, she goes down-stairs; and finding the water boiling, makes the coffee, and prepares whatever else is needed for the morning meal. When a lady is her own servant, everything is daintily served, and a vase of fresh roses adorns the table. She is then joined by her husband, and they two have breakfast, merrily discussing the plans for the day. If they are truly religious they will then kneel together in prayer for a few minutes, asking for preservation from all evil and temptation, and for God's blessing upon themselves and all that they undertake. He then bids her a loving good-bye and goes off to his day's engagement.

Just reverse the picture a moment. Supposing the man has been caught by a pretty face merely, and finds that his wife is uneducated and incapable, vain and childish! How soon their dream of bliss is over! How prosaic the awakening! Trifles after all make up the sum of human life and the happiness of many a home has been wrecked by smoked coffee, missing buttons, &c., &c. Let us suppose that the husband is perfect, (as of course he always is) and the woman is the sinner. The wife shuffles

down carelessly dressed; the coffee is badly made; the tablecloth awry; everything late, room cheerless. The man growls a little and getting only pettish replies, lapses into moody silence. And so it begins

> "The little rift within the lute
> That bye-and-bye shall make the music mute."

Or perhaps he tries to engage her in sensible conversation, tells her of what is going on in the world, and she looks bored and vexed, and only talks animatedly of fashions or local gossip. So it comes to pass that at meal-times the man regularly opens his newspaper and devours it and his meals simultaneously, and in silence, and then he goes off to business, gnawing his moustache and propounding the old question "Is marriage a failure?" while the wife keeps forlornly at home, and thinks "Men were deceivers ever!" It only needs a few sympathizing friends to shake their heads and say "My dear, I told you so!" to make the breach irreparable.

If I were a man, I would sketch another scene, wherein the angelic wife suffered under the follies of the husband; but as it is, I leave some knight-errant to do that, as I think more will be gained if each sex considers its own failures.

But this is a digression. Let us return to the housework. Her husband is no sooner gone to business, than the wife washes and neatly puts away the cups, plates, and dishes that have been used, dusts and arranges the pretty room, looks over her stores to see what is needed from market or shop, and prepares the things for the midday meal.

Then off upstairs to make the beds, and put the upstairs rooms tidy. Before she left her bed-room in the morning she opened the windows and hung the sheets up in the wind, so everything is kept sweet and fresh.

A clever little housekeeper will get through all this work in not very much longer than I take to tell of it. Her responsibilities do not oppress her. She knows she is queen of her husband's affection, and of her little

domain, and often she sings about her work for sheer gladness of heart.

If fresh stores are needed for the household, she will then go out herself to the market and select what she wants, or to the shops and give an order. There is no difficulty about this, as the shopkeepers always send to private houses promptly whatever is ordered.

The idea of her husband not wishing her to go out alone never enters her head. It would appear to both husband and wife ludicrous in the extreme. The morning walk in the fresh air does her good, and she comes back bright and rosy to continue her day's work. When the husband returns they have their midday meal about one or two o'clock: then he again departs to his professional duties, and the lady having put everything tidy sits down to read, study, sew, or practise her music or painting, or perhaps takes her sewing out to some grassy field, and spends the afternoon there if weather permits. But the summer evenings are long, and probably she will prefer to stay in till evening, and then go out with her husband, either walking, riding, or to some concert or lecture.

I should like to quote here from two letters I received from England on February 10th, this year.

The first letter is from a girl aged twenty-two and a half, who had been married just five months to a husband of twenty-nine. They are an ordinary instance of middle-class life and thrift. The husband is in the Telegraph Department on a modest salary. She had no dower, save her beauty and exquisite voice. She keeps no servants but does all the ordinary work of the house herself. They were engaged for two and a half years before they married. Her husband was presented by a relative with a nice piece of ground, and as he had always been thrifty, he has built himself a handsome house in which to begin his married life.

The wife writes as follows:—

"We have been married just five months. We are very happy. I do not think any one could be happier. I think I am very fortunate in having such a lovely home. There

is a wide carriage-drive up to the door, and a beautiful grass lawn in front. At the back of the house there is a large vegetable garden which we are laying out. Willie's Aunt [" Willie" is her husband] has given us some fruit trees which we are planting. Willie has sometimes to go to work at five o'clock in the morning. I am very busy also all day about the house. In the evenings we go for long walks together, or go out on our bicycles; and as Will and I are both musical, we are getting up a good concert."

The other letter I quote from is from a lady of twenty-seven, who is engaged to be married to a gentleman of thirty-five. She will have £15,000 sterling. She has set aside a large box in which she treasures up things for her future home. She writes:

"I have this year added many treasures to my marriage-box. A beautiful book called 'The Students' Dictionary,' a brass inkstand, some lovely silk cushions, pictures, &c. I have also been taking lessons in cooking and tuning pianos. I do want to be a good wife in *every* way. When I am married I will have the wedding as quiet as possible, with only the people I love there. It is too sacred. Besides which I do not wish to run my love into any unnecessary expense."

There have been some delays in their marriage, and both have suffered from being separated so long; but constantly write letters to each other. She goes on to say:—

"I cannot tell you what his letters are to me. Often after reading them I go down on my knees and thank God for the treasure He has given me, and ask Him to make me worthy of him. Sometimes in his letters there are little things said quite unconsciously that reveal such a pure soul, such utter refinement. He is not brilliant and never will be, but has such a marvellous capacity for true sacred affection. Such a contrast to many of the shallow cynical men one meets! And then his steadfast trust in God. I always long to be holy, when I read his precious letters. I am sending him some glorious books to cheer his loneliness, and when we are married we will have some Shakespeare readings. We are having some here now,

and Father is Chairman, and enjoys them as much as any of us."

These letters will show you on what sort of a basis English home-life at its best is built.

Perfect trust, strong mutual love, and an intelligent comprehension of the high and sacred responsibilities which are being undertaken.

Some may think the rules very hard.

May be! But they make fine characters.

On Jubilee day, I was kindly invited to the Hindu Club, where I heard the *vina* very beautifully played. Its tone was perfect. *Why? Because the strings were tuned up tightly.*

Had the wires hung slack what sort of music would there have been?

So it is in life. *If you want harmony there must be tension.*

Things must not come too easily if one is to form strong character.

CHAPTER III.

TRAINING OF CHILDREN.

"Children are God's apostles, day by day sent forth to preach of love, and hope, and peace."—*Lowell.*

"Every nation ought to be judged by the condition of its children."—*Dr. Lorimer, Boston.*

"Suffer little children to come unto Me and forbid them not; *for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.*"—*Jesus Christ.*

THE happy days glide away, until perhaps a little child comes to complete and gladden the home. As in India, so in England, children are looked upon as a great blessing, but also a very great responsibility.

If a child is born puny, or sickly, or deformed, the parents do not attribute it to some fault they or it may have committed in a former birth; neither do they consider it as a direct judgment of God on themselves, unless they have reason to believe that the state of the child is due to some wilful transgression of their own. In most cases they think it is due to some ignorance on their own part, some disregard of the Divinely-appointed laws of health, that the trouble has come; and they seek fuller enlightenment. Scientists say that if one wishes his descendants to be healthy and happy, he must begin to prepare for such a result at least two hundred years beforehand! That means that the Laws of Heredity reach a very long way forward and backward.

The training of an English baby begins almost as soon as it is born. It will be taught to have its food at a regular hour, and will soon wake at the right time; and can early be taught not to cry loudly. It is often a great

struggle for young parents to train their babies to be put to bed awake at the proper time. And yet where this is not done what wear and tear for mother and nurse, and sometimes even the father has been known to walk about half the night with a refractory baby in his arms, vainly trying to hush it to sleep! An untrained child can completely break up the comfort of family life. I knew a young couple who resolved to begin right with their first baby. The child was bathed, fed, and laid comfortably in its cot wide awake, and left. Presently it began to scream at the top of its voice and the mother made a movement as if to go to it. The father restrained her gently, and both sat listening to the heart-piercing yells which went on and on. At last the mother said: "I cannot bear this! Let me go. The child will cry itself into convulsions!" Both were trembling, as they stood at the foot of the stairs to listen. "Let me go! Oh you are cruel!" the wife pleaded. "No," said the husband "you must not go darling; if we give in now it will all be to do over again. Besides baby is crying with passion, not terror." So she yielded to his wiser decision, but by degrees both gravitated to the top of the stairs, and sat on the top step waiting for nearly an hour till the child cried itself to sleep. The next night, and the next there was more or less of the same scene enacted, but they would not give in; and from the fourth night there was no more trouble.

Every baby is bathed morning and evening in a large shallow bath of warm water. It is then fed, and in the morning dressed and put to sleep again, or to lie on a pillow on cot or floor and play and move its little limbs for exercise. At night after its bath it has its little flannel night dress put on, is fed, and put to bed. English mothers do not allow their children to be constantly carried in any one's arms.

Little girl-babies are welcomed just as much as boys. The only advantage of a son is to keep up the family name; and in the case of entailed estates, a son only can succeed to the property. From their earliest years boys are taught to be very kind and chivalrous to little girls, to wait upon

them, protect them, carry the heaviest things, and in every way to use their superior strength in being their helpers and protectors.

In my brother's family a pretty instance of this occurred. He had two fine little sons, aged respectively six and four years, when a little girl was born. The pride and delight of those two little lads knew no bounds. They went about boasting to everybody, "Ah! You don't know what we have got in our house! A little *sister!* God sent her 'cause we've been good boys!" And they at once put away their best toys to keep till she was old enough to play with them.

One of them asked "Mother, will our little sister grow up a man or a lady?" And he was quite delighted when he heard she would grow up a lady. "I will always wash my hands *very* clean now," said he, "'cause lady-babies won't like dirty boys." So the woman-influence began at once to do its refining work. As soon as children come, a room in the house is specially set apart for them, called the nursery; and they, while very young, up to six or seven years of age, are not allowed to come into other parts of the house without express permission. But the life of young children is spent chiefly in the open air, running, jumping, playing, and going for long country-walks in charge of their nurse. There is not an ayah for each child as in this country. One nursemaid will look after three or four children. The baby will be in a perambulator and the other little ones running along beside her. This one nursemaid is expected to bathe, dress, feed, and take them out, besides mending some of their clothes; and she is responsible for the neatness of the nurseries. So it must be remembered that if wages are higher in England, an English servant will do the work of four or five Indian ones.

Children are early taught to wait upon themselves, to wash and dress themselves. Children of six or seven years old are generally admitted to their parents' table, but are, not infrequently at first, sent away from table if their hair is not perfectly neat, or if a "tide mark" round the

rosy face shows just how far soap and water have been applied, and no farther! So they retire in disgrace to the nursery again.

PUNISHMENTS.

From the very first, a good mother will spare no pains to see that her children are trained in all habits of obedience, health, and refinement. Any faults in these respects are at first gently reproved; and if repeated wilfully, punishment ensues. But *beating* as a punishment is seldom resorted to; only in cases of serious and persistent naughtiness; and seldom after a child is more than six or eight years old; except in the case of school-boys who sometimes relate wonderful stories of what they have undergone. In the home, it is only for very obstinate naughtiness that beating is administered. In these cases it is sometimes necessary to repeat it several times in a single day till the child really submits. Still, this is always avoided wherever possible, and this sort of punishment applies almost exclusively to boys, or to very little girls.

I do not say that English people are more affectionate than Indians, but undoubtedly they are much more demonstratively so. When we compare ourselves with the French, German, and other European nations, we call ourselves "cold, reserved English people." But in the privacy of home-life, many endearments and caresses are used. There is not nearly so much of that stand-off dignity which seems to exist between Hindu parents and children.

For instance, when the members of an English family first meet in the morning, father, mother and children, wish "good morning" and kiss each other all round. At night when retiring to rest they do the same; and as often as they like during the day. When the father goes out, the little ones watch him off, and wave their hands to him. When he returns there is a general jubilation. We used to quarrel hotly as to who should be allowed to go up to our father's study and call him to dinner. Sometimes we

all went, and he used to come downstairs decorated with a child perched on each shoulder and one on each arm!

Consequently if a child is naughty and disobedient, and the mother says "I shall not kiss you again till you are good:" or "You must go to bed before father comes home;" it has a wonderfully subduing effect on the child. Sometimes the young rebel is put to stand with its face in a corner, or some similar punishment is awarded, till the child comes to its senses, and a little voice pipes up, "Me good now! Mother kiss?"

Children and parents sometimes have a regular good play together in the evenings. These are very happy times, and among the most delightful memories of English childhood. A child is required to be very polite to servants or inferiors, always saying "If you please," or, "Thank you," when any service is asked or rendered. In order that children may not get into mischief, pains are taken by the parents to provide them with rational employments. If possible, each child has a foot or two of garden-ground given to it, and a few seeds, and it is encouraged to make a little garden. A prize is given to that child who makes the prettiest and most productive garden.

They are also taught to take great interest in animals. Few houses are without pets of some sort, cats, rabbits, dogs, birds, &c. The children are required to feed them regularly and treat them kindly. It is not surprising that among very young children eccentric ideas as to animal-diet occasionally occur, and lead to disastrous results! As for instance, where two dainty girlies of three and four were once discovered carefully feeding young rabbits with spoonfuls of sand and treacle!

The boy who has a pony is indeed the envy and admiration of all his neighbours!

English children, on account of their daring, adventurous disposition, are always getting into scrapes, and are twenty times as troublesome to manage as Indian children. No tree is too tall for them to climb. No fence too spiky to keep them out of forbidden ground; and unless restrained by good principle, other restraints, even fear of punishment,

will have an only slightly deterrent effect. They will also, when angry, use their fists, and quarrel and fight furiously.

What is to be done in such cases?

Let me illustrate from life. In a certain village in England lived some wealthy people having an income of £15,000 a year. There were half a dozen children in this house. My friend, the mother of this family, had been very ill for some time and the children had grown very unmanageable when I went to stay with her. A glance at the four little sons, with their crisp-curling ruddy gold hair, told pretty clearly the kind of temperaments. Hot-headed, passionate, daring little creatures they were, bubbling over with life and mischief. With truly oriental ideas as to their own greatness, they pillaged the village-shops, and "*bought*"? eggs, raisins, sweetmeats and whatever they desired without payment! And when remonstrated with, said "Father is the greatest man here! Those people dare not do anything to *us!*" &c.

Yet there were loving little hearts, and generous impulses under all this ruffianism, and after they had been made to realize that their wealth and position was given them not to oppress the poor, but to comfort and succour them, they would often beg to be allowed to go without grapes, and other dainties, so that they might take them to some poor sick person in the village. As this new passion for service grew, fresh things constantly struck them, and these daring young creatures would come entreating, "Why can't boys learn knitting? I want you to teach me to knit?" "Why?" "Oh, there's poor old so-and-so, his hands are so cold, he can't hold the reins, and he has such a bad cough! One of us could knit him a scarf, and the other some gloves, while you tell us tales in the evening." This was done, and from being young ruffians dreaded by all, they grew manly and *gentlemanly* in the best sense of the word, although full of fun and frolic as ever, perfect little madcaps! But this revolution was not accomplished in a day; and perhaps the "tale-telling in evenings" had a great deal to do with its accomplishment. In the early days

of the revolution one occasion stands out clearly. About 5 P.M., on a winter's evening sounds of fierce quarrelling were heard. Two of the lads were fighting like little tigers; the elder boy with face blazing with passion, had just thrown a knife at the maid-servant. All were in an uncontrollable passion, and beyond listening to reason. What was to be done?

First of all a gentle hand touched the elder one, and he was told in an utterly impassive voice "Noel, go up and wash your face and hands thoroughly, and be down in five minutes for our reading."

The very impassiveness controlled him, and he, startled, went upstairs at once. And, of course, the washing in cold water had a tranquilizing effect.

Then the two little fighters were separated without a sign of emotion; though *they* were almost beyond themselves panting with rage and gasping out to each other "I *hate* you." "I should like to kill you!" However, *this* is no time for reproof or punishment, so in a composed voice the most excited one is told "Claude run to the office and ask for an old newspaper, and any old envelopes they have to spare. Ask politely, and be very quick back!" He runs off, and the cool air, and the exercise have their calming effect upon him. Then the youngest is led into a room, and while his hot face and streaming eyes are sponged with cool water, he is directed to go and get two pairs of scissors, two needles and some cotton and put four chairs round the diningroom-table all ready for a nice evening, for there is a lovely tale going to be told! And while it is told, two of them are to cut small squares of paper and thread them on the string and so make a paper-snake two or three yards long in a month! The attention of children is quickly distracted, and within ten minutes they are all in the room with clean hands and faces; and though by no means in their right minds yet, still they are quite manageable. They are all set to work, and forbidden to speak to each other. Two are invited to sit *on* the table, which is of course a great treat, and they do not suspect that it is to prevent sly pinches and kicks being given

under the table. Then the tale begins. Perhaps it is Charles Kingley's "Westward Ho," or some tale of daring and heroism. Of strength guided by *love* not *hate*. And soon the sullen little faces brighten, and eager questions are asked. The hour and half passes all too quickly. The clock strikes the half-hour. Time for evening prayers and then bed for the two younger ones. "Now you have been very good boys. Put away the things neatly, and open the piano;" we say. There is a quick sigh, and a wistful "Oh how quickly the time has gone," but the things are put away and they gather round the piano to sing their evening hymn. "Now Sydney, my baby, you choose the hymn." Oh let us sing "I was a wandering sheep," he says eagerly. So we sing it:

I was a wandering sheep,
I did not love the fold,
I did not love my Shepherd's voice,
I would not be controlled.

I was a wayward child,
I did not love my home,
I did not love my Father's voice,
I loved afar to roam.

The Shepherd sought His sheep,
The Father sought His child,
They followed me o'er waste and steep
O'er deserts wild and wide.

They found me nigh to death
Famished, and faint, and lone,
They bound me with the bands of love,
They saved the wandering one.

I was a wandering sheep,
I would not be controlled,
But now I love my Shepherd's voice,
I love, I love His fold.

'Twas He that sought the lost,
That found the wandering sheep,
'Twas He that brought me to the fold,
'Tis He that still doth keep.

I was a wayward child,
I once preferred to roam,
But now I love my Father's voice,
I love, I love His home.

They do not get through the last verses very clearly. And then a verse or two of the New Testament is read. "How think ye. If a man have an hundred sheep, and one of them be gone astray, doth he not leave the ninety and nine and goeth into the mountains and seeketh that which is gone astray *until he find it?*

"Even so, it is not the will of your Father which is in heaven that one of these little ones should perish."

Then a short and simple prayer is offered, in which the faults of the day are confessed and forgiveness asked. There is a great silence, perhaps one or two little tears steal down. Then we rise and they come for their goodnight kiss. "Now which was the happiest time? This time when you have been so good? or just before?" we ask. No answer in words, but we are almost strangled by the two pairs of little arms that clasp us in a close hug. "Now that is enough, Sydney. Wouldn't you like to hug poor old Claudie and be friends and forgive each other?" There is a moment's hesitation, a sharp struggle between good and evil, then a sudden headlong rush from both, and the two little lads lock each other in a boisterous boyish embrace. "That's good children. Now trot off to nurse, and be in bed in ten minutes. Fold your clothes neatly." So they go off, only stipulating that when they are safe in bed we will come and tuck them up.

This is a very old custom in English households, and often little childish confidences and confessions are whispered in the dark, that daylight would never hear. Sometimes this custom is kept up till the children grow up and leave home.

When the little ones have gone upstairs, the elder lad, Noel, looks up keenly. "Aren't you going to punish us at all?"

"Punish you? What for?"

This is a rather embarrassing question, as he scarcely likes to characterize their conduct by its right name. At last he says awkwardly, "Oh, for all—that—row!"

"Well, I don't know if I am going to punish you or not. That depends—You know perfectly well it is wrong; and of course you and I both know that such conduct cannot possibly be permitted to go on. The question is whether punishment would help you to gain more self-control, and to realize how very wrong this is."

The boy nestles up, and says coaxingly: "It is because we have such fiery red hair! Fiery red-heads have always fiery tempers!"

"The more need for learning self-control. One thing at least you must do, and that is, apologise to Mary for throwing the knife at her."

"I can't apologise to her; she's only a servant:"

"And you are a gentleman, or *ought* to be. You must therefore all the more simply and heartily apologise to her, because you abused your position, and took advantage of it to insult her." A few more words follow. Words such as believers in Jesus can speak of forgiveness of sin, and deliverance from the power of sin, and then he is left to pray his own prayer by the warm fireside while we go up to the younger ones. They are tucked cosily into their little white beds, fresh from their baths, and at peace with themselves and the whole world. "I'll be a good boy to-morrow." "And me too!" come in vehement whispers as the last kisses are given.

On returning to the dining-room we find our young hero has made his peace with Mary, and she has not only received his apology graciously, but given him the unwonted luxury of a basin of bread-and-milk for supper.

"She *is* a brick!" says he, in appreciative school-boy slang. And as he too bids "Goodnight" he suggests airily:—"Suppose I get up early and practise my music for half an hour before breakfast till the end of this week!"

"Splendid idea! Suppose you do!" we agree. And in our heart we know that the laddie has designed this as a

sort of punishment for himself to help him to overcome his fiery temper.

And soon all are sleeping peacefully. And as we reflect on the events of the evening we feel that there is no higher work on earth than the training of little ones; and decide that after all, our troublesome English bairnies are the dearest in the world.

CHAPTER IV.

THE ENGLISH SCHOOLBOY.

"All actual heroes are essential men;
And all men possible heroes."

THE English schoolboy is a fearful and wonderful character. Carlyle said that every young man was so conceited and disagreeable from the age of eighteen to that of twenty-five, that he ought to be shut up in a cask during that time, and there permitted to pursue his avocations.

Some of us think they would be better shut up rather younger.

Up to ten or twelve years of age an English boy is often a very pleasant little companion. But at that age he gets very rough and unmannerly, overbearing to his sisters, untidy and careless in his dress, very impatient of reproof, and it becomes quite evident that he needs to be sent away from home to the stricter discipline of a boarding-school or College.

Almost every respectable family sends its sons away to school at that age, and they are only at home during the few weeks' vacation once or twice in the year. The same rule applies generally to girls of the better class; though since High Schools have become so general, some parents object to sending their daughters away from the parental roof. Most children however go away from home from about twelve to seventeen or eighteen years of age. This is the first breaking up of the family-life. Often the lad is full of delight at the prospect. He is no longer going to be a child, tied to his mother's apronstrings, he thinks proudly. No, he is going to be a man among men! So there comes the last day when the mother is packing away the piles of his new clothes and books into his box, and most likely a large cake, and some jams and sweet-

meats. The little sisters stand round wistfully, or bring him little offerings of their childish treasures. They forget the many tricks he has played on them;—how he put out the eyes of their best doll and hanged her to a tree, or planted her up to the neck in the garden and watered her well to make her grow! Or how he pinned a large card with the words "Very cheap;—only sixpence halfpenny!" on his elder sister's dress and let her go out into the street so decorated.

These, and all similar misdeeds are forgotten, and they only remember the brave generous brother who took them long adventurous rambles, defended them against cows, or other monsters, and shared all his games and good times with them. So they watch the preparations for his departure sadly enough.

The boy meantime whistles, and tries to appear very unconcerned, as he makes over all his old toys to his younger brothers and sisters.

Then all is ready; the father gathers them all round him once more. There is a prayer, a fond "God bless you my boy," tearful embraces from mother and sisters, and off they go to the station, and the old life is ended.

Some boys really enjoy the change to school-life from the first. Others, more sensitive, suffer not a little from loneliness and home-sickness. One boy wrote home to his mother that he could not bear it; he must spend all his pocket-money in paying his fare home again. She wrote off at once sternly, that it would be exceedingly unwise for him to do anything of the sort, as she would then have to spend all *her* pocket-money in taking him back! While her principle was no doubt right, I hope very few English mothers would be so hard and cold in manner as this one was.

In almost every school, large or small, new-comers have a rather hard time of it at first; and many a spoiled child, the darling of his mother has learned some wholesome if bitter lessons, during the first week or two of his school-life. From all I can gather, English boys are born fighters, and most boys have no chance of evading a fight very

early in their school career. This is by way of proving their mettle.

They bear no malice and shake hands after it with a respect for each other's bravery.

There used to be a great deal of very brutal treatment of the younger by the elder boys, but that has to a great extent been done away with. Still quite enough goes on to try the mettle of any lad.

These queer creatures, English school boys, have a very strict code of honour, such as it is, among themselves. They will never tell tales of each other, or complain to the master of anything that has been done to them personally. If any boy transgresses this rule, he is sure to have the word SNEAK chalked on his jacket, or desk; besides being pointed at and greeted by that opprobrious epithet on all hands. So that lads soon leave off their babyish ways, and learn to give and take uncomplainingly.

In a good school, where the head-boy is a fine fellow, the discipline of the playground is certainly one of the educational forces. Anything like false pride or pluming oneself upon higher rank, is speedily taken out of a boy, and he is put in his proper place by his companions. There is a good story of one of the sons of the Prince of Wales who was maintaining his own opinion against the superior knowledge of one of his companions.

"You teach your grandmother"! retorted the other contemptuously—when it suddenly occurred to him who the illustrious grandmother was! and he subsided. English boys as a rule, though they have plenty of shrewdness and a fair amount of brains, cannot be said to be studiously inclined. They learn merely as a duty in most instances, and spend every minute they can in play and racket. Indian boys on the contrary are much more intellectual. They seem to learn for pleasure, and play for duty. They should cultivate practicality, and health in every way.

An English holiday is devoted entirely to physical exercise. Days beforehand the lads will plan cricket or football matches. They will play Hare and Hounds also,

running tremendous distances. One runs on first, scattering occasionally tiny pieces of paper as a guide to the others, who hunt him over hills, woods and dales. It is no unusual thing to meet these youths running fleetly and gracefully as young fawns, clad in their flannels to the knees: running steadily with closed lips, elbows to sides, faces flushed crimson; but not panting, and evidently in splendid training.

Dignified Indian students would feel much amazed at being asked to join in such proceedings in public roads.

Often when I meet the Hindu College students going home I imagine what a different scene it would be if six-hundred mad-cap English students had turned out!

Indian students prefer to stroll decorously along, and celebrate their holidays by some meeting or debate.

But are they quite right?

What is a boy? And what is education?

A boy is a compound creature, composed of body, mind and soul. Education is that which secures the right and complete development of all three.

It is quite possible that in England, games, athletic sports and physical exercises are almost overdone. It is quite certain that far too little attention is bestowed on these things in India.

As *the* result of education a man wants pre-eminently high *character*. I quite expect some College Principals will say I am talking heresy,—and will invite me into their study for a quarter-of-an-hour's enlightened conversation.

However, I shall probably survive that; and in the meantime let me re-iterate that in the long run it is *character*—not talent that we want. And in building up character, it must be remembered that good physical muscles tend to make good moral muscles, and that flabby physical muscles tend to produce a corresponding moral flabbiness and feebleness. "A sound mind in a sound body" should be the motto of every young man.

In England quite young children, both girls and boys, are encouraged to walk several miles every day, in sun, rain or snow. Weather is not allowed to interfere, unless

extraordinarily bad. As young men grow older, they will on holidays walk eighteen or twenty miles, to see places of interest in the neighbourhood. Regularly organized walking-tours of some weeks' length are carried out in some of the most beautiful districts of England and Wales. In addition to walking, boating, canoeing, skating, and many other delightful exercises are engaged in, by people of both sexes, and all ages and classes. I have vivid memories of my first canoeing experience. There were five of us; and the fleet of the five hired canoes lay rocking on the tide of a northern river. Old John, the sailor-in-charge, suddenly seized and put me into one of the canoes, and violently pushed it off into the middle of the river. The thing began to turn round and round with the swing of the tide, and I called in terror, "John, John, what am I to do?" "You can just do whatever you like, Miss!" he drawled from the bank, where he stood looking on at my discomfiture with great delight! So pride and wrath came to my aid, and putting my paddle into the water, I was astonished to find how the little "Rob-roy" answered to the slightest touch. Determined to outstrip them all, I flew ahead, out under the bridge, round the bend of the river, and away into the low red sunset, that seemed to come down and kiss the water till one could not tell where earth and sky mingled! Ah! certainly some things in English life are delightful!

There is a good deal in the difference of ideal. In India the stateliness of a cow, or young elephant is the model; in England, the lithe springy grace of a kitten or tiger.

Every thing that assists physical development and strength, must be important; inasmuch as the body is the instrument of the brain and soul. The best musician will be powerless to produce perfect music if his piano be out of tune, broken, or of insufficient compass. So the most powerful and subtle brain, or most impassioned soul will be hampered by a weak body.

I have said that probably Indian students excel English ones considerably, as far as love of intellectual pursuits, theorising, and examination-passing goes. To-day's post

(April 14th) 1898 has brought me a letter from a Cambridge University man which may be of double interest to my readers. Firstly, as exemplifying practically the kind of helpful friendship that I have already said often exists between English men and women, who are in no way related to each other. Secondly, it may be interesting, as an Englishman's opinion of his Indian fellow-students, some of whose names may be familiar to my readers. If I err in thus using their names I trust they will forgive me. My friend writes :—

"I have read the two books on India which you sent, *i.e.*, "Civilization," and "Woman," with great interest. But I imagine it is almost impossible to understand or judge of Indian questions from a Western point of view *only*. One must have lived in India. I knew several Indians at Cambridge, and they were generally fine clever fellows, but conversation with them seemed to emphasize the deep difference in view on many points. Of the two last I knew, one was a Mahomedan by race, though a kind of Theist by creed, and well acquainted with Christianity and Christian Theology. The other, a most interesting man named Mitra, was a teacher of the Brahmo Samaj movement, and a most cultured and delightful man. He was rather too selective and eclectic: practically in agreement with English Unitarianism of the warmer type, but combining with it something of the Oriental vague and dreamy mysticism.

"Another leader of the Brahmo Samaj movement, the Hon'ble A. M. Bose, M. A., Member of the Legislative Council, (an Indian who was over at Cambridge twenty years ago) is now on a visit to some friends of mine at Cambridge. I may possibly see him and, if so, will have a good talk about Indian questions, missions, and reform.

"I don't know whether you heard that in 1896 I was offered a Professorship of Moral Science at a Native University. I was then settled at business, so could not possibly entertain it. Now, about your proposal that I and some College friend should write and exchange essays on subjects of general interest, with young Hindu students in India.

"I feel that I hardly know what to say as I should not understand their points of view. However G. and H., the two most likely men of our College to do anything in that way, are coming home in a fortnight. I will talk with them fully, and write you again on the subject."

In India, University education seems almost universal. In England it is otherwise. Comparatively few lads, even of very respectable families go in for University degrees. They get a good sound practical or technical education, fitting them for some one or other of the numerous scientific or commercial pursuits open to them. The learned professions are already overstocked, and even some of the aristocracy, both men and women are taking to trade. In democratic England all honest work is respected, and it pays a man to make himself perfect in almost any branch. Clerkships, as a rule, are very poorly paid. England has grown wealthy by its manufactures, and by developing its own products, as well as by commerce.

It seems a great pity that such a very large proportion of India's ablest sons should devote themselves to law, or to professions that leave them only "*consumers*" instead of being "producers." Could not more of this surplus brain-power be advantageously brought to bear in developing the resources of their own country?

We read of certain professions in India being considered degrading, or being accursed. Surely it is time for juster ideas to prevail on these points. And who should be the ones to take the initiative, scorn public opinion and set a different example? The Brahmans of course. What else is their position and influence for, but to lead in all movements that will benefit their country? In England we see the aristocracy unhesitatingly do things that a shopman would decline to do. I knew a rather noted scientific man who passing through the street with a friend, suddenly remembered that he required two zinc pails for some of his experiments. He went into a shop, bought them and tucking one under each arm, calmly continued his way, bowing with unembarrassed grace to a bevy of astonished lady-friends whom he met!

CHAPTER V.

CERTAIN FUNDAMENTALS OF EDUCATION.

"Very vain
The utmost speed of all these souls of men
Unless they travel upward to the Throne
Where sittest Thou, the Satisfying One
With help for sins, and holy perfectings
For all requirements."

—*E. B. Browning.*

IT has often been said that many Indians are not true lovers of learning, but that they use it as a means to an end. When they have attained their position in life their interest in study ceases. I hope this is not true. But should it be so, the reason may perhaps be that their "education" has, in so many cases, been confined simply to book-learning at school. But education has a much wider meaning than that. Consider. We in our three-fold nature, stand also in a triple relation, *i. e.*, to the material world, to our fellow-creatures, and to God; and of course, this last, lies at the root of our right relation to the other two. Take a lad in his relation to the material world; or more correctly to the world of nature all round him. Will he ever understand that or come into touch with that by mere book-learning? Never. That is just where a wise sympathetic mother can lay the foundations for true culture, life-long interests, and her own real comradeship with her children, in early youth. She guides their interests with pictures and stories from babyhood; and then the harem-scarem English boy, who tosses his books aside with relief, and dashes off to the woods and hills to study the ways of squirrels or rabbits, lies for hours absorbed in the movements of a colony of ants, pulls flowers to pieces to see

what they are made of, works like any labourer at cultivating his own tiny garden, spends hours constructing wonderful steam-engines, or in taking old watches to pieces and reconstructing them, that boy is really after all continuing his own education.

He is learning to take an intelligent interest in things around him. He is learning patience and perseverance, and to come into touch with nature at first hand.

A few days ago a Brahmin friend lent me a very interesting book, contrasting Indian and English life. The writer was an Indian just returned from a visit to England.

He says:—

"'The boy makes the man.' It is so here as well as in England, in fact anywhere in the world. The behaviour of a boy depends on the training he has received.

"Though in average intelligence the Indian boy is by no means inferior to his English brother, the English boy of a corresponding age is generally better informed and *better behaved.*

"This difference is due to the training he has received. *Nothing is so neglected in India as the training of little children;* and the ignorance of our women is to a great extent responsible for this neglect. Until the Indian boy goes to school and begins his studies he knows very little of right or wrong, duty or responsibility. But the English boy receives careful training at the hands of his mother from the very beginning."

Now, this is undoubtedly true; and it is just on this point that India has inflicted such a terrible wrong upon itself in leaving its women uneducated. Looking at the matter dispassionately, one must admit that in some respects women are much more important than men. It is to *their* care that God commits the tender little body, the plastic mind and soul of the new-born child. And each infant is one unit either for the degeneration or regeneration of the race. What stupendous possibilities for good and evil, for weal or woe, lie enfolded in that tender little bud of humanity. Surely, surely, motherhood, fatherhood, is too

awful and majestic a responsibility, to be lightly entrusted to mere children, immature in body, mind, and heart! And if the mother, who has the most to do with it during the most impressionable years of its life, be herself ignorant, and unable to train it aright, that child suffers an irreparable loss. I say *an irreparable loss.*

The Roman Catholics have a saying to this effect: "Give me the training of a child up to seven or eight years of age, I care not who has him after!" So strong are the influences of early impressions.

Neglect a garden for a few months. See how the weeds grow and spread. So, neglect a child's mind and soul for a few years, leave it untrained, and the seeds of evil will spring up unchecked, evil habits will be formed that the sorrowful strivings of many years may fail to conquer.

Apart from the most serious aspects of this matter, there are certain very common-place virtues which may be called the Fundamentals of education, and these are constantly dinned into English boys' ears both at home and at school. Upon these depends much of the success of business men.

There are four beginning with the letter P. which certainly no one, however highly educated, can afford to be without. These are:

Punctuality, Promptness, Perseverance, Promise-keeping, (in little things also). Others are Self-help, and Self-control.

How an English mother keeps on teaching and training her children in these things! They are not permitted to dawdle about, or come late to meals or meetings. The aim is to be punctual to a minute. Then as to Perseverance. They are not allowed to throw aside any task they have begun, just because they are getting tired of it, or it is distasteful. No: they must carry it through.

Then Promptness. Even in the nursery the little ones are made to do *at once* what is required of them. There is a very favourite English proverb "Never put off till to-morrow what can be done to-day"!

The Tamil one appears to be "Never do to-day what can be put off till to-morrow"! To-morrow "நாளைக்கு" is the constant reply of an Eastern servant when you ask when anything will be done, even if it could easily be done within half an hour!

Then *Promise-keeping.* I suppose that in great matters, money matters, for instance, a promise among Indians is as good as bonds among Englishmen. But here honesty is also brought into the question.

An English person prides himself on keeping his promise in *little* things, casual things, just as strictly.

The Hindus are the most courteous people on the face of the earth. How readily and graciously they promise things, where an Englishman haggles and objects, and often appears almost surly.

But then,—an Englishman does not promise, as a rule, unless he means to perform; and if given, the promise is kept.

Whereas, (dare I say it, *sotto voce?*) sometimes the gracious manner of the Hindu in promising, has to do duty for the performance as well.

The Englishman may be true, but rather prides himself on his blunt manner, sometimes saying "There is no humbug about me! I say what I mean, and mean what I say"! The Hindu is gracious, courteous, but not always quite dependable. I am reminded of the perfect ideal that combines both virtues. It is said of Jesus Christ: "He dwelt among us . . . full of *grace and truth.*" John 1-14. Well, all these things should be taught by mothers in childhood; and all honour to those who have with more difficulty to acquire them for themselves in after-life; and still more honour to those who are trying to educate their own wives and sisters. I see a great deal of Indian women, and they are, I am sure, very fine material to work upon. They are affectionate, intelligent, and responsive.

I am proud to say that I know of several Indian students who are teaching their sisters and wives. One regularly taught his sister for many months, to her great improvement.

Another began to teach his young wife English about six or seven months ago. She was extremely shy, and objected considerably to learning with him, but he persevered, saying to me "Really Madam, when we see the friendship that exists between English husbands and wives, we experience great dissatisfaction with our own customs, and some of us are determined to reform."

For a few months I was unable to meet this young lady, and when I went to the house two or three weeks ago, I asked after the husband and found he had been away from home for some weeks. "Oh mother, show the lady his letter!" said the girl. "Does he write to you?" I asked. "Yes," she replied with shy fervency; and I read it. It really was a very nice letter indeed speaking to her as நீங்கள்,—telling of all his own affairs and interests, and saying she must write to him very often and tell all that concerned them, &c." I said, "Well, you ought to be a happy girl! Many girls that I know would cry if they read that letter, because try as they might they could not make their husbands care for them in such a nice way. Now what are you going to do to please him?"

She looked up brightly at once, and said earnestly, "I thought it would please him most if I learned English very well. When he went away I could only read about half of the First book, but I have finished that and bought the Second book, and read up to here. Please examine me."

She looked *so* bright and pretty, and is evidently beginning to respond in every fibre of her nature to the elevating influence of her husband's respectful interest and affection. She used not to be at all pretty at first, now she is transfigured! When I consider how to this day, men in England look to women, to their wives and sisters to help *them*, to give them their ideals of all that is pure, and good, and high, I feel that we cannot give too much honour and sympathy to those of our Indian brothers who are not only struggling upwards themselves, but trying to elevate their women. Let each one do what *one* can. Better one man that quietly teaches even the

alphabet, than twenty who make eloquent speeches, but do nothing.

In England, as you know, education is compulsory. The parents are punished if they keep the children at home during school-hours. But legislation, though necessary, is a cumbrous method of bringing about reforms. Legislation always means a good deal of agitation and friction; a good deal of dust and opposition.

The best reforms are brought about by Ideals. Each man must have a high ideal. Then quietly *live* for it, *suffer* for it, if needs be.

Now to close with one more extract from Tennyson :—

"'Blame not thyself too much,' I said; 'nor blame
Too much the sons of men, and barbarous laws:
These were the rough ways of the world till now.
Henceforth thou hast a helper, me, that know
The woman's cause is man's: they rise or sink
Together, dwarfed or God-like, bond or free!
If she be small, slight-natured, miserable,
How shall men grow? *Let her make herself her own,*
To give or *keep; to live, and learn to be.*
Could we make her as the man
Sweet Love were slain.
Not like to like, but like in difference;
Yet, in the long years liker must they grow;
The man be more of woman, she of man;
He, gain in sweetness and in moral height
Nor lose the wrestling thews that throw the world.
She, (must gain) mental breadth, *nor fail in childward care,*
Nor lose the childlike in the larger mind.
Till at the last she set herself to man,
Like perfect music unto noble words!
And so, these two, upon the skirts of Time
Sit side by side, full-summed in all their powers;
Self-reverent each, and reverencing each.
Distinct in individualities,
But like each other, even as those who love.

* * * * *

Earlier than I knew
I loved the woman. He that doth not, lives
A drowning life, besotted in sweet *self;*
Or pines in sad experience worse than death;
Or keeps his winged affections clipt with crime.'"

Then he goes on to describe his mother or wife thus :

"Not learned, but in gracious household ways ;
Not perfect, nay, but full of tender wants ;
No Angel, but a dearer being, all dipt
In Angel instincts, breathing Paradise ;
Interpreter between the gods and men !
                    Happy he
With such a mother ! Faith in womankind
Beats with his blood, and *trust in all things high*
Comes easy to him. And *tho' he trip and fall,*
He shall not blind his soul with clay !"

N.B.—Not blind his soul with such "clay" as David Hume teaches for instance.

CHAPTER VI.

Entering on a Profession.

A morning heart
That leaps for love, is active for resolve.

This poor *one* thing I do—instead of repining at its hardness, or its lowness,—I will make it glorious by my loyalty to its demand.

—*Gannett.*

An English boy who does not go in for a University Degree leaves school, as I have said, at from sixteen to eighteen years of age. And the next thing to decide, is his choice of a profession and entering upon life.

Hitherto I have spoken chiefly of the influence of the mother: but at this period of a boy's life he is greatly dependent upon the sympathy and guidance of his father. He is no longer a child. The ordinary rules and restrictions are bound to be relaxed. On the other hand he finds himself in new circumstances, possessed of new powers, keen enthusiasms and larger liberty, and it is in every way a time of peculiar peril and temptation. A wise father will seek at this time to become a real friend to his boy. Remembering his own youth, he will take a keen interest in all that concerns him, win his confidence, and be a help to him in every way. He will also as far as possible consult his tastes as to his choice of a profession, not forcing him into a distasteful occupation if it can be avoided.

How well such courtesy and consideration are repaid I can testify from experience. Many lads are at this age very restless, and determined to act independently; often needlessly imagining they would be thwarted and checked.

When my brother was about seventeen, my father and mother left home on a holiday for some weeks. I was always the 'chum' and *confidante* of my brothers, and a

day or two after their departure the younger one came to me, and asked me to go for a long walk with him. We had not gone very far when he said with the utmost determination: "Now, look here Nell, I'm going to do something, and it is no use your objecting for I *mean* to do it." Well, I had known that "I *mean* to do it" of his since he was a tiny mite of three or four years old, so said calmly "What is it you mean to do?" "There is an excursion for some days to London next week and I mean to go. I must see London, and this is just a good opportunity. I'm not a baby, and can't be tied here any longer!"

"But, Charlie, why do you speak so? I think it is a capital idea. Why should any one object, if you have money enough?"

"Well, they *would* object. I know all kinds of things would be said about London being full of pitfalls and temptations; and they would imagine a fellow must needs get into mischief."

"So the fellow probably would, if he went in that way. I don't see why you should hide it. Your father has always treated you like a gentleman. Why don't you write and tell him? I certainly would not do it secretly if I were you. You won't half enjoy it."

"Oh! you girls are such bigots!" he exclaimed impatiently. "No, I can't write and tell, because if they forbade it I should still go, and that would be far worse. Don't you see? And mind, *you* are not to tell either."

"*I* certainly shall not tell; but I would not do it in this way, Charlie. I am sure you need not fear."

He stalked along head in air, and only muttered "Little Bigot;" under breath. But being of volcanic origin myself also, I knew exactly how much importance to attach to his little remarks, and went on serenely.

We reached home, and presently I heard the front door slam and was informed by the maid that "Master" had gone out to post a letter.

Two days later at post time, flying steps came up the stairs to my room. He knocked, and then entered with a perfectly radiant face, and a shine that looked suspi-

ciously like tears in his eyes, as with proudly uplifted head he held out a sheet of note paper, saying,—

"Read *that!* What do you think of *that* for a father?" I read:—

"My dear Son,

I am delighted to think you are going to see the great city; and very proud that my boy has saved enough money for his own expenses. Always draw on me if you fall short. I am also much gratified that you consulted me before taking the step. God bless you my boy. I can trust you not to do anything or go anywhere where you could not have the blessing of your father and your God.

I am your loving Father."

It is such fathers as this that win the adoring love of their wayward children!

As to entering on a profession, I can only illustrate from the lives of the two young men I know best—my own brothers. The elder one was destined for the Indian Civil Service, for which he read for about one year after leaving College. But he was a musical, very social fellow, and never seemed attracted by the prospect of leaving England and being sent perhaps to some remote Indian jungle. After less than one year's study he was offered a post in the great Corn Trade at Gloucester, and becoming quite fascinated with the shipping and bustle of the huge docks and wharves where the ships of grain were unloaded and stored in storehouses seven or eight storeys high, he, with his father's rather reluctant consent, gave up the Civil Service and entered the Corn Trade.

At seventeen or eighteen years of age he entered the Firm, where he remained steadily, rising through the different positions till he became partner; and having been partner for some years has now started independently for himself.

My younger brother was far cleverer and distinctly scientific in his tastes. Nothing would pacify him but to be an Analytical Chemist, have a laboratory, and do all sorts of experiments. My father paid a premium for him

to go as pupil to the Laboratory of Mr. Stead, Borough-Analyst, (brother of the Editor of "Review of Reviews"). He went at first for the half day only, and studied Chemistry hard at home in the afternoons.

He was not supposed to get any pay for I think two years, but within three months Mr. Stead wrote to my father ;—"Your son is already worth a small salary to me."

This was very gratifying to father and son, and the boy at once offered to give his salary towards his board.

"No, my boy, keep it and learn gradually how to spend money wisely," was the reply.

So no more was said, but the lad quietly put the money aside. Before long his services became more valuable and the salary was doubled. This also was put aside, until one proud day the boy came, and with broken words of love and honour, laid before his father the whole amount which had been paid as Premium, and *insisted* on his accepting it, before he would spend one penny of what he had earned for himself!

That was a good beginning.

Neither money, nor the lack of it, can cause trouble in a family where such love is, where such principles are followed!

Time went on and he passed from Mr. Stead's to be second Analytical Chemist in the largest Ironworks in the world.

While there, Mr. Gilchrist, inventor of the new process of making steel, came as a poor and unknown man to experiment with his invention in those works. My brother though very young, was quite an enthusiast in his profession, and struck up a great friendship with Mr. Gilchrist. They two used frequently to stay on all day and all night at the Laboratory, preparing their own meals as best they might.

There was a redoubtable tea-pot in which they used to boil the water for their coffee over a glass muffle, and when it had served that purpose, and the tea was poured out, the tea-pot had to do duty as a vessel in which to boil eggs, or even potatoes! Sometimes they would be too absorbed in

their experiments to take time even for this, and would just send out for some bread and cheese. At nights they took air-cushions and lay on the table to sleep, covered with rugs, and waking as each fresh blast of steel was turned out of the furnaces, tested it three or four times during the night.

To cut a long story short, the process turned out a success, and Mr. Gilchrist's name, fame, and fortune were made.

Then a new Works was opened to make steel on this New Basic Process, and the firm was besieged with applicants professing to understand the new theory.

But Mr. Gilchrist when applied to as to the selection of a candidate, said in effect: "There is really only one young fellow in the world who practically understands this process and his name is R——! He has, from sheer love of his profession, been with me night and day and followed the whole process. Get *him* to apply!"

So my brother was asked to apply, which he did, after consulting with his old friend and master, Mr. Stead: and there he has been ever since.

Neither of these boys had any money to begin life with, nor any prospects of it. No help from friends in any way, beyond the training of a splendid mother and father, and the sound education they gave them.

And I firmly believe, that, in England at least, the *best* circumstances in which a youth of fair health and intelligence can find himself, are those in which he has to depend upon himself alone.

As an on-looker I ought perhaps hardly to venture to say so, but it does sometimes seem to me as if the customs of India were specially designed to cripple the genius and aspirations of youth in every way.

Before he is a youth even, an Indian boy is *blasé*, he has no particular aim left him. His life is settled, a wife provided. No motive left him to make the best of himself.

With us it is otherwise in England. Boys know what they have to compete with, to struggle against. All depends on them making the very best of themselves in

character, and in circumstances. If they ever have a competence and a home, they must wring it out of fate by their own prowess.

The great primitive passions of humanity are left to do their own work. They are a tremendous leverage. A man knows that if he ever has a wife, it will be because he has won her for himself from all others. He has every inducement to evolve, and develope himself.

Some very fine young Englishmen live as vegetarians, and find it quite as healthful, and infinitely cheaper than a meat diet. But unless they are living in lodgings, and can go out twice a day to the capital Vegetarian Restaurants, it is difficult to live thus; as it is seldom that a whole family adopts this mode of diet. But very delicious vegetarian food can be obtained at these places; fruits, cream, and vegetable purées in every variety.

CHAPTER VII.

GIRL-LIFE AT SCHOOL.

Be good sweet maid, and let who will be clever.
—*Longfellow.*

"Rise woman; rise,
To thy peculiar and best attitudes
Of doing good, and of enduring ill;
And reconciling all that good and ill
Unto the patience of a constant hope;
Rise, with thy daughters!"—*E. B. Browning.*

I HAVE said already that most girls of the better middle class families are sent away to Boarding schools or Colleges for some years. Now that High Schools are to be found in every town, and a very good education is obtainable at these, some parents object to sending their daughters away from home entirely: but prefer to keep them always more or less under their own influence. There are advantages and disadvantages in both methods. A girl kept always at home and attending school daily, is quite likely to get too much of her own way, to be allowed to go out into society far too young, to sit up too late at nights, to attend too great a number of religious meetings, to retain a good many of her hoydenish childish ways, and to become self-willed and insufficiently disciplined. As a natural consequence, her manners to her elders and superiors may be lacking in that gentle deference and self-forgetfulness, which is so charming a mark of good breeding. However pleasant and refined the girl's home may be, so long as she is thrown daily with a large number of other girls, and is at liberty to select her own friends, with whom she associates out of school hours, it is quite likely that the inexperience of youth may be attracted by companions, who though fascinating, may have anything but a really good

influence. In a good, and not too large boarding-school, there is at least very strict discipline. No outside life to distract their minds from their studies and school-interests is permitted. Food is plain, but plentiful and nourishing. Sweetmeats, dainties, and condiments not permitted, or only in the smallest quantities. Early habits, both in rising in the morning and going to bed at night, are enforced. Half-past eight is bed-time for the school-girls from eight to twenty years of age in a boarding-school proper. Daily exercise is insisted upon, and in great many instances Tennis or Croquet is allowed to take the place of the walks that used to be the correct thing. It is quite a melancholy sight to me to see English school-girls going out for a walk, all walking silently two and two, demurely, not to say stiffly; and in the rear a couple of anxious-looking lady-teachers, watching eagerly to see that neither by glance or movement, their young charges should transgress the most rigid properties. Of course, with such a number, talking cannot be permitted in the streets; and unless a country-road or field be within reach, the monotony and dreariness of these silent marches is very trying. But when a wood or the fields are reached, and the joyful word "Disperse ladies," is given, what a marvellous change! Leaving the forced companion of the walk, selected perhaps for equality in height, the girls rush to their own chosen friends and wander off together. The younger ones fly to gather flowers or make chains of daisies. The anxious faces of the lady-teachers relax, and all is brightness for a little while, as the merry tongues chatter as fast as they can. Then there is again the forming into line, and the formal homeward walk, and the resuming of study. In a boarding-school the girls are constantly under supervision, during play-hours as well as study. No talking with servants is permitted, all letters received and sent pass through the hands of the Principals. The way a girl speaks, sits, stands, walks, all are criticized freely; and often the result is, that temporarily at least, girls become nervous, self-conscious, affected creatures, having lost all their old natural freedom, and not acquired the grace that comes

from long use. They also get very unreal views of life, attach false values to many things, and, though they learn, or *amass* a good deal of heterogeneous knowledge, a girl of seventeen or eighteen who is supposed to have finished her education, is, as a rule, about as crude in mind and knowledge of life, and as lacking in womanly sympathy as can well be imagined. She has however learned deference and submission to her superiors, and has often by this time acquired graceful carriage and manners, even though both are a little artificial.

Girl-life at Home.

Then she returns home full of joy; and in proportion to the real worth of the girl's nature, and the wisdom and refinement of her home, so is her speedy development in all true womanly virtues. If unfortunately she is much flattered, and introduced at once to a round of visiting and parties, the best development of her life is checked. If, on the contrary, she takes her place in the family as her mother's right hand, relieving her of many of the cares of house-keeping, and having her definite hours for duty, and others, in which she may continue her studies or reading, the change to home-life is very beneficial. If there are younger sisters, a girl who has left school very often charges herself with their education to a great extent. In these days when Government Examinations are so much the rule, home-education is probably rather at a discount. But there is undoubtedly much to be said for it in a really cultured home. As a case in point, a few weeks ago some stranger English ladies on their way to Palestine, called to visit us; and after some hours' earnest talk, one of these, herself a University-graduate, said to me, "You know it does make a difference to have a University-education! I could tell you had had one before I had spoken with you ten minutes. The mental horizon is so much wider than in those who have had merely a High School education." Again, two nights ago I was asked if I were

not a graduate, and I answered to my latter friend, as I did to the lady, that I can lay no claim to a .University, *nor* even High School education! Indeed, since I was six years old, I have been educated entirely at home by my mother and elder sister, with the exception of two years to finish up, at a very select private boarding-school.

Probably my home was a very exceptional one; but I am quite certain that we went much farther afield in general literature, than we should have done under any other mode of instruction: and though prizes and examinations never entered into our calculations at all, we loved study for its own sake. Under the wise guidance of one of the best mothers God ever made, the *hearts* and *sympathies* of her children were developed and trained, just as much as the heads and mental faculties.

Longfellow, the poet, says:—

It is the heart and not the brain
That to the highest must attain.

And I am much inclined to believe what is said by Mrs. Browning; *i.e.*, that the Poets are the only Truth-tellers left us in this age. At any rate the lack of heart-culture in the present system of Higher education for women, is one main ground of my quarrel with it. There is, in this modern system of cram, and examinations, everything to stimulate pride and ambition; and unless there is real soundness of nature to begin with, a certain levity and hardness of character is superinduced in too many instances; and mere cleverness is valued before the more sterling and deeper qualities of heart and character.

I do not wish to make sweeping assertions to this effect; but, this *is*, I think, the result of such education among too many Englishwomen even. And as to the value of such so-called Higher-education in really raising the generality of the women of India, it seems to me that in the present stage of civilization it must be sheer waste! It is little more than a veneer. There is a *vast* amount of foundation-work to be done first, before such education can appro-

priately fit in with the rest of the Indian woman's condition and tradition.

Why *will* people forget that it takes a *soul* to move a body? Why will they forget that all true life *develops from within*, is not acquired from outside? Look at the results of such education in some of our Indian ladies. One is in my mind now. She began her study as a good loving girl full of sympathy for her countrywomen; and with much religious fervour looked forward to finishing her course of study and devoting her life to helping her suffering and ignorant sister-women.

But she was a clever girl, passed her examinations well and with ease; and was urged on to attempt more and more. Gradually the passion of selfish ambition ate away the sympathy she had had, and the desire to help others. Still she passed higher examinations successfully, was praised and lauded to the skies, and received prizes. Is it any wonder the poor child's head was quite turned? That she learned a false standard of value to many things?

She has made a brilliant marriage, and lives for herself alone, haughty and selfish; and I have no hesitation in saying that she would have been a happier and better woman, and would have been likely to do far more good, had she kept her early sympathies, and the high purpose of her younger days, even had she never done more than pass some very simple Examination, and never had any particular praise from man.

The most difficult problems of life will never be solved by Euclid; and as long as sin and suffering, poverty and ignorance are rampant in this world, the best education a woman can have is such as fits her to cope successfully with these. In England of course many women have, just like men, to choose a profession, and make their own way in life: but even then there is probably an interval of home-life when they will learn a vast amount or practical house-wifely knowledge, that will never be got out of books. Even if the mother prefers to keep the reins of household government, and does not hand over the keys to her daughter, she probably makes her responsible for

some one department. For instance, the family-mending is no sinecure, and probably the daughter undertakes the whole of that. In very many instances dress-making and millinery for herself and her sisters are done wholly or in part by the nimble fingers of the daughter, supplemented by a sewing-machine. English girls work hard, and take great interest in all they do. Their employment is not only wholesome for themselves but is a great saving to the purse of *Pater familias*. Some of the best-dressed girls one meets are their own tailors. They buy good patterns, and do all the cutting-out themselves, fitting each garment accurately to the future wearer before stitching it. If there are two, or several daughters, they probably take it in turn to do different things in housekeeping. One will take a week at cooking, another in looking after the rooms in the house, dusting, and arranging the flowers, and looking after their sewing. Then the following week they will exchange work with each other. The boys of a family are not slow to declare which sister cooks best. "Oh, is it Jessie's week for cooking? Hurrah! Now we shall have something worth eating!"

Perhaps the unsuccessful sister murmurs something uncomplimentary about boys being such gourmands and epicures. But all the same, she will redouble her effort next time to win their approbation.

To some girls, a talent for housekeeping in all its branches, comes natural; to others housekeeping is always a difficulty; and it needs all a mother's encouragement, and if need be, her determination, to make them give sufficient attention to it.

We were of the latter class, always more interested in literature and study than in practical matters; and being very conceited little things, we often replied to our mother's exhortations, that we were sure that when any necessity arose, all this household management would come quite naturally to us and we should get on very well. So, to teach us a practical lesson, one morning at the commencement of the long summer-holidays, my mother informed us with beaming smiles that she and my father were going to

Wales for a few weeks, and that as she had such clever capable girls to whom housekeeping would come quite naturally, she had decided to give both the servants a holiday at the same time, and to let us manage for ourselves! We felt a little crest-fallen, but accepted the inevitable with as good a grace as we could muster. As soon as our parents had gone and the servants departed, we looked round the house feeling a little desolate. But presently we were all marshalled by my indomitable elder sister and she laid down the law as to our respective duties. Some of these were very distasteful and we began to expostulate, but she cut our eloquence short with a dignified, "Now children, no arguing, and no dawdling!" I should be afraid to say at what unearthly hours we took our meals or of what they consisted for the first day or two; but there is no teacher like experience, and presently we got into the swing of things and enjoyed ourselves amazingly.

But it is a wonder to me to this day how that sister of mine managed to be so ubiquitous. She was a perfect dragon, and if we were shirking our work she appeared to know it by instinct and appeared suddenly on the scene. Two of my appointed duties were sweeping the stairs, and making the beds. I had a dear little brush and dustpan, and began carefully at the top stair, sweeping with great fervour in each corner, and making no doubt a good deal of unnecessary noise. Then having swept half-way down the stairs, out came the smuggled book from my pocket, and I sat there absorbed till my sister's voice came:—"I don't hear any sweeping going on!" Thump, thump, went my brush furiously as I replied guiltily "Dear! are you deaf?" The stairs done, I went to the bedrooms, and began to make the beds, but there too again temptation overtook me; the book was pulled out and I was soon lost in oblivion, till at my side a voice said, "Reading! I thought so. It is really too bad! You must not be so unfaithful in work. You two girls are just as bad as each other. Give me the book and you shall have it when work is done!"

But this was too ignominious, and we promised not to

she will never forget how in the early days of her married life, when occasions arose that she was unable to walk from room to room, the strong loving arms of her royal husband lifted and carried her to her couch.

It is said that "every wrong takes out its change in further wrong." Just so I believe that every word and act of love or tenderness, has a direct tendency to the infinite multiplication of such acts and words.

Now, it is often said that "nurses are born, not made." It is certainly a great honour to be a "born nurse," but any woman, with a reverence for humanity, a sympathetic heart, a capable hand, and a capacity for reticence as to the ills flesh is heir to, is a treasure indeed. I lay emphasis on these points, because *all* are essential in one who lays claim to the title of nurse. Some women are clever and capable to a degree, and will make their patients comfortable in most ways, but one has no security that every detail of the illness will not be repeated to every enquirer; and so this lack of delicacy prevents comfort and confidence.

Others would never dream of erring in this way; but they lack tact and sympathy. They will talk loudly and cheerfully, sit on the bed, and laugh till it shakes, when every sound, every vibration send thrills of anguish through the jarred nerves of the sufferer. This they think is "keeping up the spirits of the patient!" Another will bustle in with a huge amount of food fit for a hungry man, and holding a lamp or candle close to the eyes of the poor sufferer, who has at last perhaps after many hours of sleeplessness fallen into a doze, call out, "Come, wake up, and eat this. You must eat you know or you will never get strength." This kind of nurse slams doors, wears creaking boots, and rustling dresses, and acts generally as if she thought the illness was all a pretence, to be frightened away by a little common sense, and a little determined treatment!

Yet another kind goes about mournfully on tiptoe shaking her head, and relating in hissing whispers anecdotes of similar cases of illness that have ended fatally.

In England the profession of Physician and trained nurse are two of the most honoured and honourable that can be chosen if followed worthily.

But I am not to-day speaking of nursing as a profession, but simply as what has to come more or less into the life of every woman, and for which she should be equipped. Every girl should know how to make broths, sagos, jellies, &c., in the best way to tempt a delicate appetite. Every girl should know that food should be served with extreme cleanliness, and in small quantities, and that any food which is not used, should be at once removed from the sick room, and not brought again, unless it can be re-heated, and served as good as fresh later on. Every girl should be taught the use of simple remedies, the value of hot and cold water applications, and the symptoms which indicate the need for each. Every girl should know that perfect cleanliness in room, and person, is requisite; that fresh air must not be excluded; that the light must not come into the patient's eyes; that careful sponging of the face and hands at least of the sufferer is essential to health and comfort; and that all these things must be done without worrying him with questions, without fatigue, noise or bustle of any sort. Such a girl is not taking the place of the Doctor. She is only supplementing his efforts.

Especially does every wife and mother need to know what should be done in the sudden attacks of children, which may pass off with care and prompt attention, or which, if neglected, may develope into serious illness.

Suppose a child is irritable and fretful for days, nothing pleases it, it is dull at lessons, its head is hot, eyes heavy and languid, appetite gone or fitful. An ignorant mother punishes it for its crossness, doubles its lessons for its supposed laziness, forces it to take the food it loathes, sends it to school as usual, and perhaps the result is a serious illness, and much expense and trouble. Possibly even the child dies, and the frantic mother accuses God of cruelty and injustice.

A wise mother on the contrary, seeing that the child's naughtiness springs from incipient illness, will say, "I

must send you to bed for an hour or two. You must get a good sleep and wake up mother's good little boy."

So she will take the fretting child on her knees and carefully undress him. The languid little head drops against her shoulder as she does so, and the low wailing cry continues, as if he had not strength even to cry thoroughly. A warm bath is prepared, and he is gently bathed to equalize the circulation and soothe the nervous irritation. Then laid in bed. If still the head burns and the feet are cold, a handkerchief dipped in cool water is laid on his brow, a bottle of hot water wrapped in flannel is laid to his feet, the room darkened; and perhaps even before all this is done the tired eyes close in a long sleep, and very probably an illness is averted.

Supposing the sickness develops and becomes serious, one has at least the consolation of knowing that all has been done that could be done, and that the poor child was not goaded and punished when struggling with illness. Poor little things, they are not able to know what is the matter with them.

Or it may be the husband that comes in worn-out and depressed; not actually ill as yet, but with that inexpressible languor and malaise so hard to bear.

An ignorant or selfish wife sees nothing of all this.

She thinks he has come home in a disagreeable temper, that is all! Perhaps he has. He finds fault with the food, answers shortly, perhaps electrifies himself and her by getting into a passion about some merest trifle.

A silly wife will either dissolve into tears and mild reproaches, or on the other hand suggest that he should take her out somewhere to spend the evening, or insist on the fulfilment of a trivial engagement that was made when he was well.

A wife that is a "born nurse" will see at a glance what is wrong, and will make allowance, recognising how much of his irritability belongs to physical, rather than to mental causes. She will not fuss, nor condole largely, nor try to force his confidence, but he will soon become conscious that an atmosphere of sympathy and tenderness

enfolds him. Perhaps she will suggest "You are overtired now and do not care to eat. Lie down and rest, and you will fancy something a little later." Perhaps he tells her of some trouble he fears is coming upon them, or confides his illness or some other depressing fact, to which she listens sympathetically, and does not indeed make light of it, though she whispers with his hand in hers. "Things will be brighter, presently dear. Don't lose heart." And at once the shared trouble becomes lighter. Then perhaps she steals to the organ or piano, and soon her soft singing woos sleep to tired eyes and brain; and when he wakes later, there is tender confidential talk, and some light nourishment prepared, and the worry that would have eaten into his life, seems unaccountably less as he thanks God for his good wife before retiring to rest.

But it is in her mother's home as an unmarried girl, that the English maiden learns all these deft, womanly, helpful ways; and as her life matures, and love comes to woo her also to a wedded home of her own, the days of her engagement are filled with sweet visions of the time to come, and with double earnestness she seeks to fit herself for all such pure and tender ministries.



Misconceptions about English People in India.

Happy day it will be for India also when every Indian bride and bridegroom has a pure, thorough and scientific knowledge of the responsibilities they undertake; when every girl shall be sufficiently educated to have some sympathy with the aims and interests of her husband, without in the least departing from wifely obedience and devotion. I should like to see the day, when, in return for the bridal garment the bridegroom bestows on the bride, the lady should present her husband with a well-fitting silken or tweed coat—cut out and made, down to the last detail, by her own clever fingers. It will be a good day when the education given is such, that, instead of making a girl proud, extravagant, and *above* minding

her household matters, and the training and teaching of her own children,—it shall make her realize that *education is only a blessing, when it enables a woman more wisely, honourably and fiithfully to fufil all these duties.*

It is from a false and mistaken notion as to English customs, that these errors in practice arise among educated Indian ladies. You see English ladies out here driving about and taking part in social functions; and erroneously imagine that that is the whole of their life. Far from it. It is only the other day that I met the highest lady in this district, wife of the Head of the Chief Department. She told me she had been spending the day with a sick friend, wife of another Head of a Department; and she added in the most natural way: "I've mended fourteen pairs of stockings for her, and put buttons and tapes on a whole pile of baby-clothes!" Which of the educated Indian ladies would have done that for one another? They would say, "I'm not her ayah! that is ayah's work!" But this lady, though highly educated, a perfect hostess, and occupying that high position, looks well into every detail of her household-management. And not only so; but the gardens, poultry, horses, and all that belongs to the establishment, come under her sympathetic oversight.

Again, a few evenings ago on my return from a drive, I found a young Brahmin friend waiting to see me. He quietly got into conversation as to English customs, and asked among other practical questions how many times a day we changed our dresses, and, what a dinner-dress was. I showed him mine. He was much interested but said it seemed very costly and extravagant.

I said "Not nearly so much so as some of your customs. We make a great many of our things with our own hands."

He then remarked that with gentlemen it was necessarily different, and that some Indian gentlemen ordered coats and shirts by the dozen or half dozen from Moses.

I replied that many English ladies could make their husbands' coats and shirts, and did so. When we parted, I ran across the road to see a lady-friend, wife of an I.C.S.

who had been galloping about the *maidan* on horseback twenty minutes before.

I found she had come in, doffed her riding-habit, and was seated at her sewing-machine, diligently stitching a coat for her husband! It was well cut, and such as any man might be proud to wear. It was a good commentary on my words to my young friend a few moments before.

I remarked to this lady how glad I was, she was such a practical little person.

"Oh," she replied, "my dear mother brought us up to do all these things. She used to say "Which of my little daughters is going to grow up to be a mere drawing-room ornament? And which is going to grow up fit to be a poor man's wife, and make his home happy?" So I always said I would grow up fit to be a poor man's wife; and here I am with the best husband in the world."

Now these things are going on in the very midst of you: so let no Indian girls get false notions as to education unfitting them for household-duties. The sister of this lady who stood near gracefully attired in evening-dress, said smilingly, "I also am perfectly independent of tailors. I make all my own things."

If women have any taste at all for music it is also a great help to the home-life if they can sing and play even a few simple little songs and hymns. But whatever they do in this way, *do* let it be perfect in tune and in notes. Sometimes one hears such fearful attempts at bass, and the time is any-how. Two or three hymns even are a great stand-by. At a friend's house a few nights ago a small party gathered round the piano, and we began to sing a hymn. "Oh, *do* go on!" pleaded a young civilian who was present. "*Do* sing some more hymns. One scarcely ever gets a chance of it. We used so to look forward to the Sunday evenings at the Judge's in Blankipore because we used all to go there and sing hymns. Sometimes as many as thirty in an evening!"

Perhaps it hardly strikes some of our Indian friends how often these young civilians are exiled when very young from all their religious and home-associations, and

plunged into totally new, and in some respects morally perilous circumstances. Many of them leave loving Christian homes, and come out to this strange land to the excitements and temptations as well as the monotonies of the new life; to what one of them speaks of as "the desiccating influences of society;" and they miss the Homelife and rejoice in a little bit of it when they get the chance, perhaps more than you imagine.

CHAPTER IX.

Girl Life.

"You misconceive the question like a man who sees a woman as the complement of his sex merely. You forget too much that every creature, female as the male, stands single in responsible act or thought."—*Browning*.

There is one thing I omitted to say when speaking of girl-life at home. Whenever it can possibly be arranged, most mothers try to give a separate small bedroom to each of their daughters as soon as they attain the age of thirteen or fourteen, or, at least when they leave school. For the arrangement and neatness of this room the girl herself is entirely responsible. She can retire there at any leisure time to read, study, pray, and be alone with God. If a room cannot be given up to one child only, it is arranged that a sister of as nearly as possible the same age shall share it, but the little ones are kept apart. I may say here that among English people of any pretensions to refinement, the most sacred reticence is observed as to all physical phenomena, more especially such as concern the maturing and development of young maidens. Certain customs in India in connection with such occasions strike English people as little short of an outrage of feminine human nature. Every instinct of modesty and shyness rises up in protest, and God has given these instincts designedly, as a defence of delicacy, and purity of sentiment. To violate these sensitive instincts by making such occurrences the common property of the neighbourhood, the topic of curious conversation among young boys, cannot be done with impunity. It is a very serious mistake, however innocently made; and to a young English girl such a course of conduct could bring only unspeakable distress—distress that would make her

shrink and quiver in every fibre of her nature. It is true, indeed, that everything that God has ordained in nature is pure and sacred *so long as people let it remain so*. But if we wilfully or carelessly decline to keep them as sacred mysteries, and drag them into common conversation and notoriety, the sanctity is destroyed, and the whole moral tone of our nature is lowered. In England the whole idea of mere *sex* is kept as much as possible in the background. In India it enters far too prominently into everything. In England one scarcely ever hears the expression "male" or "female," in common conversation. Such terms are confined chiefly to medical treatises: we speak of men and women, boys or girls. In India that expression is *everywhere* heard. This is only a trifle, but not without its significance.

In England even with the youngest babies great care and delicacy is insisted upon. In the climate of India of course the minimum of clothing is desirable in every way; yet it seems a pity that even small children should be permitted to go at any time quite unclad. Not for their own sakes, dear wee mites, but for the sake of the older ones, and for the sake of the bringing in of a rather different standard in respect to such things.

It is after all a high standard with regard to these common things of life that lies at the basis of true civilization. It means more trouble, a trifle more expense perhaps, but how infinitely it is repaid in the loftier moral life of a nation.

The difficulty as to a later marriage-law would be largely obviated, if from earliest childhood girls and boys had any real training in such respects, and were allowed to grow up in innocence and purity; and in ignorance of many of the phenomena of life, until old enough to think wisely and reverently of them. When the time came for them to know, not to pick up their knowledge at haphazard, and get a distorted and partial view of things, perhaps conveyed in such a way as to smirch and defile the whole fountains of their imagination:—but from some wise book to get a pure, thorough and scientific knowledge, that shall teach them

reverence for themselves and each other. It is not easy to say all this, but the evil is too widespread—the results too pitiful. In England no notice whatever is taken of such stages in feminine development. Probably no one save the mother is aware of it. Most certainly not the brothers, or any younger member of the family, nor any outsiders.

To say that this is merely a question of custom is not any excuse. A girl that is treated according to the Indian custom suffers a great wrong. It is no light crime to destroy the first fine bloom of a girl's modesty. It may be said that Indian girls do not mind. So much the worse. If they have been so trained as to become callous so young on points like this, what wonder that later in life all sorts of restrictions are necessary? God has built up these barrier-fences of shrinking sensitive purity. You may throw these down, and so arrange that the child shall be callous, and soon not only indifferent, but actually enjoying the publicity and notoriety! And then, having done all this to turn round and say Indian women can never be trusted! Verily you have your reward!

But if it is bad for the girls, it is quite as bad in effect on Indian youth. What business have they to have any ideas of these things in their heads so young? Womanhood ought to be a sacred mystery to them, not approached without awe even in thought; instead of being prematurely introduced into all their calculations, without any will of their own. These customs inflict a great wrong on Indian youth, and make reform in some directions well nigh impossible!

CHAPTER X.

ON MARRIED LIFE.

Oh God, who before the beginning hast seen the end,
Who hast made me flesh and blood, not frost, and not fire,
Who hast filled me full of needs, and love, and desire,
And a heart that craves a friend.

By Thy love of us men, of all that shall ever be;
By Thy love of us, and all the born and unborn;
Turn Thy gracious eyes on me, and think not scorn
Of me, *not even of me.*

—*Christina Rosetti.*

I DO *not* believe that Indian character of either men or women is less virtuous than English; and much that is said about "effects of climate," &c., making social intercourse impossible, is all nonsense. If only they would give themselves a fair chance, morally, physically, educationally, and religiously, the social condition of India might be one of the freest and happiest in the whole world. Imagine English people under Indian social conditions! They would be utter brutes, far worse than Indians!

It is because of low ideas on points referred to in the previous chapter—false and degraded ideas as to the relations between men and women, that hundreds of thousands of Indian women, women sweet in nature, patient and devoted, are doomed to a life of mere drudgery and slavery in the houses of their husbands;—shut off from all real companionship by the abyss of their ignorance, quite as much as by the tyranny of social custom.

It is because of the inoculation of such irreverent and degrading ideas of marriage and womanhood that hundreds upon hundreds of the most educated and gifted of India's sons are practically *homeless,* in any true sense of the word.

Their education serves to show them more of what they have missed. They have other resources, you say;—intellectual resources? True. True; but the loving human heart will not be satisfied with scientific treatises, any more than a volume of Herbert Spencer or Huxley's Physiology will satisfy the craving of a hungry man for rice and curry. And it is a simple fact that for lack of this home-love and companionship, thousands of Indian men are starving, sinning, despairing.

I am not drawing upon my own imagination or observation. In a matter like this I would not presume to do so. But this is the testimony of several with whom I have spoken. This is what one of my friends told me a few days ago. He said:

"You have simply no conception of the way we treat our women, and of their condition. I love my mother and my wife as much as I love any one in the world, but there is *no* sympathy between us. I don't care for what interests them. They do not care for what interests me. Conversation is impossible. My wife is a good girl. There is a certain delicacy about the character of many of our women. They are patient and devoted and wish only to serve us; but they are so utterly ignorant. And not only so. They would be insulted at the very idea of learning. No wonder! They see that education has made ninety-nine out of every hundred of us men utter rascals! When we go out in the evenings do you think we have the common courtesy to tell them at what hour they may expect us back? Not a bit. We go out and stay away if it pleases us till eleven or twelve at night. All that time they are waiting wearily for their evening food. They do not eat till after we have eaten. When we come perhaps we curse them for not having eaten without waiting for our return. Perhaps another time we stay away, and this time they remember our words, and take their food before we return. Then we abuse them for having dared to eat before us!

"There are ten hours out of every twenty-four, let us say, in which we must be in our own homes. If not, there is nothing better. The state of things is awful, awful. There

is no comfort, no companionship possible. Sometimes perhaps we get ill, but we do not dream of confiding our trouble to our wives or mother. We either bear it alone or tell some one else, who perhaps laughs at us. There seems no help anywhere; and so sometimes we just give up and live the life of beasts!"

The unspeakable pathos of it all! The curse of wrong social conditions and an inhuman religious ideal! These men and women are gifted with tender affections and sympathies, and might, aye, and *will yet* make each other's happiness, if only they will have it so. No one must despair. There *is* a remedy.

Legislation, education, reforms of all sorts, probably will have their place in time, but all these are costly, and take time to apply.

The most effective and speedy reforms will be brought about by other agents, *i.e.*, love, sympathy, patience.

Mercifully the machinery of love is very simple. It does not require much organizing, nor any committees, nor even that inevitable thing a *fund* raising! What do we love each other for? When we come to think of it, it is for nothing very tangible. Loving smiles, tones, words, glances, tears, the touch of a tender hand, a silent caress. These are the things that make the soul-wealth of us all. We may prate occasionally of having done with emotion or sentiment if we like. But it is not true; or if it is true that person is no longer a man but a monster. Well then, these things lie within the power of all. They are not very costly, and yet I can quite understand that it may be a more difficult thing to begin to use them, than to spend five rupees on some gift. Perhaps the little gift will be forthcoming as well for the patient wife, or mother at home. I know one husband who brought them home some betel-nut as a little remembrance after a few days' absence. A youth stopped me as I was driving the other day, and told me that since he read these articles of mine he had begun to reform, and to try to speak always courteously and kindly to his mother and other relatives. That is right! There is no such tremendous lever in the world as love,

and this remedy lies in your own hands. I know *I* would rather have the loving words and smiles than all the gifts the Banks of India could buy, and I think the hearts of women are much the same all the world over. I don't know if Indians kiss their mothers or wives. (They sometimes kiss their wives, we believe; but their mothers never.—Editor, *The Hindu*): But if they only knew it, there lies more reforming and educative power in some of these things than in years of legislation and mounds of school literature. There is enough domestic affection going a-begging to create a moral revolution in India. Never mind if you do give an electric shock to ancient prejudice! You will survive and be none the worse! Never mind if your wives and mothers are quite bewildered at first at the gentle considerate treatment they get: and if they begin to wonder if their husbands are going to die that they have become so good all at once! It will not be a matter of death, but the beginning of a better and a higher life for all.

Undoubtedly there will be discouragement, need for much patience, patience with oneself, patience with the slowness, the ignorance, the stagnation, the prejudice against novelty.

But be of good cheer. Love has a thousand resources, and slowly but surely will win its way.

To quote my beloved poet once more:

"All Society
Howe'er unequal, monstrous, crazed, and curst,
Is *but the expression of men's single lives;*
The loud sum of the silent units. What? We fain
Would change the aggregate, and yet retain
Each separate figure?"*

So it comes back to this, that each head of each home must seek to initiate a silent reform. It is the part of the gentlemen who have had so many more advantages than their wives, to make the first gradual advances towards a different state of things.

From what I have seen of the affection and devotion of Indian women, I feel sure that if they realized, that those

whom they have been taught to look up to as gods, the arbitrary masters of their lives, were missing all the best of life, and hungering after some thing they could give if only educated to be fit companions, such knowledge I think would be the strongest incentive to learning and self-improvement. Only, these clever men must not expect too much! Greatness must stoop to help weakness.

Perhaps some of my readers may be interested to hear the sequel to that letter of the engaged lady quoted in the second article of this series. (Housekeeping.)

She was married in India a few weeks ago, and writes as follows:—

"You must have been wondering what had become of us as you did not hear. The steamer was three days late. It did not get in till Wednesday morning, and we were married at eleven o'clock on Thursday. I meant to write you on the Wednesday but I am sure you will forgive me under the circumstances. You can imagine what the meeting was to us after two years' separation! We actually forgot to write to the clergyman to ask if it would be convenient for him to marry us next day! We were both rather crazy with joy I think. W. put me down as thirty-six and himself as twenty-eight in the form for the marriage licence which he had to fill up!! But what could you expect after such a long separation?

Well, but to speak seriously. The arrangements were just perfect; all as nice as could be. W's mother and I were staying at the Hotel. W. came to us there in the day, and went to his brother's house for the night. On Wednesday evening we had a long quiet drive by the sea. It was rather nice having that one day together before the marriage. Mother (in-law) was so sweet and loving to me in every way. She dressed me for my wedding on Thursday morning, assisted by the Proprietress of the Hotel, who was very nice and took great interest. I had a white silk dress, and a white hat trimmed with white gauze and lilies-of-the-valley. In my hand I carried a beautiful bouquet of white roses, the gift of the bridegroom. It was all so quiet and sacred in the church. No great fashion-

able wedding. We neither of us wished that. Our two selves, Mother and Percy were all, except Mr. W. who married us. Percy gave me away. He is such a nice boy. I took a great fancy to him, and he looked so well in his full uniform.

I did not feel at all nervous, neither did I feel in a dream. I realized it all perfectly, and all with deep holy trust, and joy, and thanksgiving. I can truly say my wedding-day was the happiest of my life. I did not shed a single tear.

Just as I knelt at my bedside to pray, the last few moments before going to the Cathedral, the tears came into my eyes as I thought of the dear ones in England, but they did not overflow.

You see there was no parting to go through. All that agony was over before.

Mr. W. made the service most impressive. He gave us a very beautiful address. I have written to him for a copy of it and you shall see it. It was all solemn, holy joy. I expect the expression of my face during the ceremony was *seriously* happy more than anything else. If I looked as I felt afterwards it was sunshine itself! We visited—in the afternoon, and left by the 6-30 P.M. train.

Marriage is a wonderful thing when it is a union such as ours. If I loved him before I left India it was "very elementary love," compared to that which has been growing up ever since, and I love him a thousand times more now. And we are both so thankful now for all the sorrow and trouble we have been through. How I long that all should have such joy and calm trust!

This is indeed the best of all God's good gifts."

CHAPTER XI.

Glimpses of Social-life.

We can only elevate ourselves towards God through the souls of our fellow-men.—*Mazzini.*

Conviction, were it never so excellent, is worthless till it convert itself into conduct.—*Carlyle.*

Knowledge is a barren tree, and bare, bereft of God.—*L. Morris.*

People in India sometimes ask us very strange questions. For instance, one asked in surprise "Do you not talk with every Englishman you meet? Do you not know and talk with all the people in your town?"

Most certainly not. Unless they are introduced, English people as a rule do not speak to each other. By "introduced," I mean that some one who knows both parties brings them to meet each other, mentioning each one's name to the other. They then acknowledge the introduction by the interchange of a few polite remarks.

When persons in England go to settle as strangers in a new place, the custom as to visiting is quite different to that which prevails among English people in India. In England the newcomers make no advances, but wait till the old residents come and call upon them. They then may return the visit; and if both parties are mutually attracted, the acquaintance goes on to friendship. If otherwise, it just remains a mere bowing-acquaintance, or gradually drops off altogether.

If a gentleman observes a lady anywhere, and wishes to make her acquaintance, he has to enquire among his friends till he finds some one who knows her or her family, and through that friend obtains an introduction; after which he asks to be allowed to call upon her. If he is approved as an acquaintance, he probably receives an invi-

tation to some festivity, and so friendly relations are established.

In the same way introductions are often made at tennis, or other out-door parties. After these somewhat casual introductions, it is the prerogative of the lady either to encourage or discourage the acquaintanceship; by either acknowledging him on their next meeting with a cordial bow and smile; or, if she has reasons for wishing to discontinue it, she gives a very slight and icy greeting.

Unless under exceptional circumstances, it would be considered an impertinence for a gentleman to accost a lady without an introduction, but no hard-and-fast-rule can be laid down in this matter.

By means of their prerogative, ladies can do much to keep up a high standard of morality. Men of doubtful reputation will not be received in their drawing-rooms.

How much has the pure sweet influence of one woman, our Queen Victoria, done to cleanse and regenerate Society!

Every one knows the old saying "Like Prince like people."

In the time of the Georges how different was the Court of England!

I have just been speaking with a lady whose great-grandfather was Governor of Canada. During the time of his administration a certain Royal Duke visited Canada, and was entertained by the Governor; but as the Duke had in his retinue certain ladies of doubtful character, whom he actually introduced to the Governor's table, the wife and daughters of the Governor were not permitted to appear or to take any part in entertaining His Royal Highness. The standard of morality was indeed different in those days to what it is now; and by their resolution in such matters many good women have become the purifiers and saviours of Society, more especially during the last fifty years.

In England most of the informal social gatherings take place in the evening. Among busy people a good deal of this quiet, easy association takes place. They meet more or less informally at each other's houses for a few hours'

conversation or music, and some light refreshment. Nothing expensive or showy, but very enjoyable. At the close of such an evening, the host or his son will invariably see any unmarried lady-guest safely home, if she have no other escort, always relieving her of books, music or any other trifle she may have brought with her. People in England do not walk about attended by servants to carry every trifle for them. Such attendance would be considered an intolerable bore, and those who required it would be thought very helpless and pretentious.

If the night is dark, or if the roads are slippery from ice or mud, the gentleman offers the lady, however young she may be, his arm as a support, upon which to rest her hand. This she accepts quite simply and without the slightest embarrassment. In the case of elderly or feeble ladies this attention is invariably offered under any circumstances.

It is sometimes amusing when I go to visit Indian ladies to hear them press me to take the chair of the master of the house.

"Do not be afraid," they say, "there is no man in the house."

In England no man calling himself a gentleman would remain seated for a second while a lady was without a chair. This is of course a gracious custom, but it is very disagreeable to see ladies so far forget themselves as to claim it as a right.

In dining out, certain customs are observed that will doubtless appear strange to Indian ideas.

If possible, an equal number of ladies and gentlemen are invited; and if two from the same family go, they must not sit together during the evening. A gentleman does not devote himself to his wife on these occasions, nor a brother to his sister. The reason of this is, that they have plenty of opportunity for conversation at home, and when invited out, it is their duty to help the hostess in the entertainment of her other guests, and to do everything in their power to make the evening a success.

At dinners, the host offers his arm to the most important lady-guest present, and leads her to a seat of honour

beside himself at one end of the dining-table. The other guests pair off, and follow in an order arranged beforehand. The host privately has informed each gentleman which lady he is to take in. The most important gentleman-guest remains to the last and escorts the hostess to the seat of honour at the other end of the table. Each gentleman and lady are responsible for entertaining each other with pleasant conversation during the meal, and often a very great deal of pleasant and useful information is gathered in this way.

"Souls grow more by contact with souls than by all other means put together," says a modern scientist; and, provided that the company is composed of well-bred, intelligent, and congenial people, anything more pleasant than these social festivities can scarcely be imagined. It is as different as possible from the empty, flippant, and insincere association of persons that goes on in much of what is called Society.

If ladies are engaged in professional duties, as so many in England are, they have very little more leisure time than business-men. I have known ladies who in all weathers walked a mile to the Railway-station to catch the 7-30 A.M. train, went an hour's journey, and then walked some distance again before reaching the scene of their daily duties. They seldom reached home in the evening before half-past-six, or seven o'clock.

When English people work like this, it may be imagined how welcome Sunday is. Sunday is observed as a universal day of rest.

Saturday also is in many instances either a whole or half-holiday, and every road and park is thronged with people making the most of their few hours of fresh air. It is on such occasions that the detestableness of the English climate is most realized.

Perhaps these two or three hours are the only chance in the whole week, when hundreds of persons who work in stuffy offices, stores, and factories, can get a chance of pure fresh air; for windows and doors cannot be kept open all day long, as in the genial climate of India. And perhaps

it rains persistently the whole day! Or what is almost worse, perhaps it keeps fine long enough to tempt the poor pleasure-seekers forth in all their best array, lets them get a good distance from home, and then down comes a pelting shower; and a wet draggled mob scrambles home, with spoiled clothes and irritated feelings, to spend the rest of the day in trying to repair the damage. There is no proper rainy season in England, and such experiences may happen any day throughout the year.

Or perhaps a bitter east wind is blowing, with clouds of dust; and one's face feels quite raw with the harshness of the air.

When the weather does happen to be nice, England is perfectly charming; but how seldom that is.

People get more or less hardened to this state of things, and if it is wet outside, can generally find a dozen interesting meetings, concerts, or lectures at which they can pleasantly and profitably spend their evenings; unless they prefer, their own fireside. From seven to half-past-eight, or even nine o'clock, is a usual hour for these evening entertainments to begin.

The wretchedness of the climate is doubtless responsible for much of the drunkenness among the lower classes, that is the national sin of England. When a hardworking man comes home to a cheerless house and ill-cooked food, is it any wonder that the brightly-lighted public houses, and the companionship of his mates attracts him? Perhaps the poor wife has been away all day working just as hard as her husband, at washing; and when she comes home, the children are clustering round her for food, and the man scolding her because nothing is comfortable:—and there is no club or public-house for her, unless she has sunk to utter degradation. Of course, in a great many, perhaps the majority of instances, where the husband drinks and the home is wretched, it is because the wife has grown up ill-trained, extravagant, and slatternly:—but there are cases where she is simply the victim of circumstances.

When I was last in England it seemed to me that the people never went to bed. Almost all night long went on

the incessant tramp of booted feet up and down the paved street. Up to midnight, it went on and then a little pause; and it began again about four o'clock in the morning. Long before daylight mill-horns, factory bells, whistles and signals of all sorts, were shrieking out their summons to the tired workers to begin another day's toil: and immediately the noise of feet began afresh. People do not stroll gently as Indians do. As one lies listening, it is easy to distinguish the hurry and rush of those who have waked too late, and are tearing along to catch some train, or get to some works before the gate is closed. I think nothing struck me so much in England last time, as the strained anxious faces of even quite young people. England lives too fast altogether.

And so Sunday comes like a peaceful pause in the midst of it all. The long streets of business-offices are silent and deserted. All shops and warehouses closed; except here and there in a back-street one may find a shop with the shutters only half-closed, indicating that people may enter and buy if they like. But this, in provincial towns, is done only in poor districts, and in a semi-surreptitious way.

The Church-services do not as a rule begin before half-past ten, or eleven A.M. But by half-past eight the streets are full of the patter of lower-class children and young people of both sexes, all in their best dresses, going to their respective Sunday Schools.

And soon sounds of sweet Sabbath-melody reach the ear. Several hundred children's voices, led by an organ, and singing in perfect time and tune, is something worth hearing.

About ten o'clock all the different Church-bells begin to chime and summon the people to Church. The streets are literally one stream of well-dressed people all bent on the same errand. Whole families, fathers, mothers and children walk together, all looking rested and happy. The service consists of united prayer, and singing of praise to God. Portions of the Scripture are read, and a lecture or sermon on some particular passage of the Bible is given. This, with slight variations in form, is the mode of worship in

all Christian Churches and Chapels alike. This service is over in about an hour-and-a-half, and they all go home to their happy midday meal. Perhaps this is the only occasion in the week when all the members of the family are able to assemble at this meal; for gentlemen are often absent all day when their business lies in another town—and therefore it is made somewhat of a festivity when it can be arranged so beforehand. But unnecessary cooking on Sunday is not approved.

In the afternoon the lower-class children generally go off again to the Sunday School for an hour. Perhaps the elder brothers and sisters of better-class families have volunteered their services as Sunday School Teachers. If not, there are many other ways in which they can profitably spend a little time, after they have rested and read to their heart's content.

Very few truly Christian people spend the whole day for themselves alone. A mother will gather even her youngest children round her and tell some simple story out of the Bible, and show them pictures, and teach them simple little hymns to say and sing. But young children are too restless to be kept still the whole day, and some parents send them out for a walk as on other days. Others have a box in which they keep only Sunday books, and even games, so that the children may learn from the beginning to regard this day as something separate and holy, but yet full of happy interests.

Sometimes a party of six or eight young ladies and gentlemen who have good voices, will arrange to visit some hospital, and cheer the in-patients by singing sweetly some of the beautiful old hymns that have become almost household words in England. If they take with them a few baskets of flowers or grapes, and with a few kindly words leave some with each sufferer, so much the better. There is a special Sunday in the year called Hospital Sunday, when special contributions in aid of hospitals are made at each service throughout the day, in every Church and Chapel in England. In this way large sums are raised for such charities. Special sermons are preached on the duty of

caring for the sick and poor; and what is a most interesting feature, is, that offerings of fruit and flowers are also brought to the Church. Each child seeks to take a lovely bouquet of choice flowers, and a basket of fruit. These are all received by the officiating ministers, and offered to Him who, when He was on earth said:—"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren ye have done it unto Me." (Matthew 25: 40th verse). The gifts are then sent to the various Hospitals to be distributed among the patients.

Sometimes a young lady will visit the lowest lodging-houses, where thieves, tramps, and all the riff-raff of society congregate; and will spend half an hour, or an hour reading some beautiful simple story to them. A lady is quite safe where a gentleman might be stoned or abused. When they learn her errand, she will at once be offered the best seat available, even if it be only a bucket turned up-side down; and they gather eagerly round to listen. I have never known a word of insult from even the most degraded men and women, offered to any who went among them with true sympathy and a desire to bring even a few minutes brightness into their lives. The most brutal men have been heard to say they would "smash the head" of any of their mates who ventured to whistle derisively, or breathe a disrespectful word in the presence of "our lady."

In each town, the streets where the poor and labouring classes live, are all mapped out; and about forty or fifty houses each are entrusted to the care of different ladies and gentlemen, who volunteer to visit them every week. They take small and interesting books on religious subjects, one of which they leave at each house. The following week they call again and receiving back the book previously lent, leave another in its place, thus exchanging constantly. This kind of work is much appreciated by many who have no means or inclination to buy books for themselves. Sometimes the people of the house ask these visitors to come in and have a talk, and so friendly and sympathetic relations are established between the poorer and the more influential classes. No doubt, kindness is sometimes im-

posed upon, but on the whole great good is done in these ways.

I wonder when the day will dawn for India when some of the Indian aristocracy will become aware of their privilege and duty in similar respects; when perhaps some of the sweet Brahmin and other ladies will begin to visit the Women's Wards of our Municipal Hospitals, and take comfort and brightness into many a desolate home and heart. I know that there is a very great deal of charity bestowed by Hindus,—but they have not yet learned to give *themselves;* or understood that we

> "Must give our smiles and tears, if we would bless;
> And let men feel our common humanness!"

There are tremendous forces for the elevation of India lying waste under the existing condition of things.

I was in one Municipal Hospital a few days ago visiting a motherless little girl, who had been placed there to be treated for dropsy induced by starvation. How the little creature flew to welcome me, clasping both arms around me! She is learning to sing hymns, to pray, and to sew; and is as happy as the day is long. When she gets a little stronger she will, we hope, be able to learn to read, but at present it would not do to tax her brain. A native lady-friend goes frequently to read to the women-patients, and is warmly welcomed. Half an hour of such visiting once or twice a week, would bring quite a new interest into the lives of many native ladies. They need not see any man whatever; but can drive straight to the steps of the Women's Ward.

As long as Education, or indeed any other of the good things in life, is made an *end* in itself,—a source of self-aggrandisement, or self-glorification merely, it is, however good in itself, bound to become a snare, a temptation, and a curse to its possessor.

If, on the contrary, it is made *a means to an end,*—to the end of glorifying God, and helping and benefitting those about us, it is indeed an unspeakable blessing. Education, beauty, money, position,—all these alike may be made either a blessing or curse according as they are used. But

everyone, who has even a little education, should at once begin to make use of it, by teaching someone who has a little less. In England this is expected of everyone, and most people are brought up with a sense of personal responsibility to those who have had fewer advantages.

There is another aspect in which such philanthropic work as I have described may be considered.

Men who are interested in the Legislation of their country might consider such questions from the statesman's point of view. If evil and ignorance prevail unchecked among a large proportion of the population, vast sums of wealth must be expended in the providing and upkeeping of jails, and other agencies for the suppression of crime.

In England the name of Lord Shaftesbury heads a long list of many noble and earnest men and women among the aristocracy, who have thrown themselves heart and soul into the work of rescuing and raising the degraded and ignorant classes. Special attention is directed towards saving the children. A vast network of Ragged Schools, Boys' Brigades, Night Schools, Pleasant evenings for Factory-girls, Girls' Socials and Boys' Socials, Working-men's Reading-rooms, Working-girls' Clubs, and a whole host of other philanthropic agencies are carried on with unwearied enthusiasm by these noble workers, aided by many equally worthy if humbler co-adjutors. I do not mean to imply that such work is *chiefly* carried on by the aristocracy. It is not. It is a work in which all classes alike join; but the aristocracy have certainly of late years been greatly stirred up to action in such matters. Hundreds upon hundreds of young lives are thus saved from utter ruin, and many find their way into positions of trust and usefulness.

There are also Homes for Destitute Children, by means of which numbers of poor little outcasts are rescued from destruction, and are thoroughly trained, both in the principles of godly living, and in some branch of trade or industrial education; after which it is arranged that they should, (always under wise and kindly supervision) emigrate to Canada or Australia as mechanics, farm-labourers or hands

on the great sheep-farms. In hundreds of instances they turn out really well, and take their places as worthy of esteem and trust in the New World.

All these agencies did not come about by chance. They are the outgrowth from a little seed-word by One nearly nineteen centuries ago. "Whosoever is greatest among you, *let him serve!* Even as the Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give His life a *ransom* for many." Matthew 20-28.

CHAPTER XII.

THE SHADOW OF DEATH.

"God took thee in His mercy,
A lamb untasked, untried;
He fought the fight for thee;
He won the victory;
And thou art sanctified."

"I look around and see
The evil ways of men;
And oh, beloved child,
I'm more than reconciled,
To thy departure then."

—*By David Macbeth Moir.*

WE have spoken of the sunny days of youth and love, of the setting up of the wedded home, of the training of little ones, the education of youth, the choice of a profession, the entrance on life, of some social customs, and of the increasing rush of interests as the years go on. And now we have come to the time when all these cares, joys and interests must be laid down for ever; when the long farewell must be said to all the familiar faces and things, and we must each in turn go forth alone to face the unknown eternity.

On a subject like this one cannot write vaguely to any purpose.

It is better to tell the simple story of what one has experienced than to draw upon imagination merely.

I write primarily for many Hindu friends who have become very dear to me, of whose sympathy I am assured, and to whom I cannot grudge the most sacred memories of my life, if they will interest them, or help them in any way to realize how the sunshine of the love of God in Christ Jesus, can gild some of the darkest hours mortals can know.

Death has come very close to me only three times in my life.

The first time that I knew anything personally of death, it visited our household very suddenly, very unexpectedly. It happened thus:—

We were living at the time in a magnificent part of the Golden Valley, Gloucestershire. The previous summer there had been a terrible outbreak of some kind of pestilence in the town. The victims of it died within a few hours.

In a cluster of small houses, quite close to us, it raged. The whole town was in a panic; and all the clergymen, and religious ministers of all denominations met together, and divided the town into districts for visitation. These devoted men went fearlessly about day by day, from morning till night, among all these plague-stricken houses; carrying spiritual and material consolation, praying with and consoling the dying, and burying the dead.

The sympathies of all classes of people were excited; and though many feared thus to expose themselves to infection, all were willing and eager to contribute pecuniary and material aid. But very few could be found, with the exception of these religious ministers and doctors, who were willing to go among them and help them personally.

My mother threw herself unreservedly into this work; and from early morning till night she was in their houses, washing, feeding, nursing, and comforting the dying, and attending to the dead. For this she was remonstrated with by many, on account of her young children, but she felt she could not do otherwise, so continued her work.

We were too young to be allowed thus to go among the infection, but our house was made the receiving centre fo all the charitable gifts contributed by my father's congre gation, and these we were allowed to distribute. Th kitchen-tables were daily loaded with fruits, sago, nouris ing broths, wine, jellies, milk, lemonade, and all sorts invalid fare; and day by day, morning and evening, t friends of the sick persons would come with cans a

jugs to our house, and be served each in turn with whatever was required.

It happened several times that those who came for supplies in the morning were themselves dead before night.

It was a terrible visitation, but we felt no fear. We took every health-precaution we could, and at that time the whole family escaped any bad consequences.

But it seemed as if the seeds of illness had lain dormant. The following spring very suddenly, my youngest brother was taken very ill on his return from school one afternoon. He was a little fellow—only seven or eight years old. He soon became delirious, and was for some days in great danger. Then he revived somewhat, and one week from his attack was apparently recovering. He asked for his little play-mate sister, Louie, eleven years old, to go and see him; and when she came, said "Louie, you ought not to sit near me, or you will get ill too. Go and sit by the window where I can see your face." She did so, and as he was too weak to talk, she read to him for some time; but before leaving the room, went over to his cot, and kissed him. Shortly afterwards he had a relapse and became again dangerously ill. The following day Louie seemed quite well, and after morning lessons were over, went with the other children for a long ramble on the beautiful Cotswold Hills. On returning to the house with her hands full of violets and anemones, she met her father, and sprang to him joyously, saying, "Father, we have had such a glorious walk!" Then selecting a few violets and green leaves, she made a little bouquet and pinned it in his coat.

How little we thought that those frail flowers which her own little hands had gathered, would crown her for the grave before many hours were over.

In the afternoon she did her school-work again; and after that she worked hard in her little garden, and gathered all the ripe strawberries ready for next day. Then she prepared her lessons for the morrow and wrote a small German exercise.

Having faithfully finished all her little duties, she, as

the dusk crept on, went to the piano; and, as if to the little child some strange foreshadowing had come, she sang softly and clearly, that beautiful chorale from Mendelssohn,

"To Thee O Lord I yield my spirit,
Who break'st in love this mortal chain.
My life I but from Thee inherit,
And death becomes my chiefest gain.
To Thee I live, to Thee I die;
Content, for thou art ever nigh."

She was at all times a marvellous little musician, but those who heard her play and sing that last song will never forget her manner of doing so.

She played nothing more, closed the piano, and lay down on the sofa, soon afterwards complaining of headache.

Before midnight serious symptoms set in. My mother said to my elder sister who was watching with her "Fold up and put away Louie's clothes. It is evident she has caught the illness and will not need them for some time."

In the morning it was evident she was very ill indeed. All night long, sickness and thirst had been incessant. But she looked up and smiled brightly at my father when he came in to see her. He was much struck with the change in her appearance, and after a while, noting her languor, and the sort of stupor that was creeping over her, he stooped down and asked tenderly:—"Louie, my little girl, if Jesus the Good Shepherd were going to take you to Himself, would you be afraid to die?"

The brown eyes flashed one clear look at him as she answered feebly, but without a moment's hesitation, "I would be glad to go to Him." Then the eyelids drooped again, and it became more and more difficult to rouse her. She only moaned "Tired, so tired," in answer to all the Doctor's enquiries. Several remedies were tried, but all seemed only to exhaust her, and she could only be roused sufficiently to whisper "It is so long. I want to go to sleep." Soon afterwards the heavy stupor settled down again, and at dawn her spirit passed away.

On the next day my little brother became conscious, and seeing my mother standing near, asked for Louie. He

was told she had been ill. "Is she well now?" he asked. Dreading the effect of the shock the news of her death would be to him in his weak condition, and feeling that it was indeed well with her, my mother schooled herself to answer steadily "Quite well now, darling." But the grey look of agony that passed over her face caught his attention, and he demanded searchingly, "Mother, is she *dead?*"

The truth could no longer be hidden, and the child hid his face in the pillows, and wept to utter exhaustion. It seemed that his life was wrapped up in hers, and that he must die too.

But next day, before the funeral, he called his mother, and said feebly, "Mother, at first when I heard Louie was dead I wanted to die too; but then, I thought it would be too sorrowful for you with two dead in one house, and so I am going to live now. I will not die. You must not be afraid." That day began a fearful battle between life and death, which lasted for twelve long weeks, but life conquered at last.

Meantime, in a quiet room lay the little white form that had so lately been buoyant with health and joy. Dressed in pure white linen, and shrouded in soft flakes of cotton-wool, her long silken curls crowned with the flowers her own hands had gathered, she lay, a vision of peace.

> No trace left of the sufferings done;
> Only the joy after victory won.

On account of the infection my eldest brother who had been away from the town, was not allowed to come into the house. He was received by kind friends, but he was nearly heart-broken at the loss of his little sister; and fearing Charlie also would die, and he should not see him again, he sent a message saying he was coming to stand in the street opposite the bedroom-window, and implored that my mother would wrap Charlie in blankets and lift him up for one minute to the window that he might see him once more. This was done, and it was a comfort to his loving heart, though he was quite overcome at the

sight of the wan wasted little creature he beheld, instead of the rosy child he had left a few weeks before.

He could not be permitted to look on the face of his little sister, but could only follow the coffin wreathed with sweet spring flowers, (fit emblems of the life that had faded in its springtime) to the breezy hill-side cemetery. There, our dear father himself, (being a minister) read the funeral service, and committed his child to the grave "in sure and certain hope of a joyful resurrection."

There was no great ceremony. No friends were invited under the circumstances; but many out of the abundance of their sympathy followed to the grave. Neither was there any loud weeping or wailing; only stifled sobs that could not be suppressed, from some who loved her; for young as she was, Louie had learned the happy secret of love and service for others, and had won much affection.

After her death her little diary was found. There were many childish entries, such as;—

Jan. 11th.—The kittens were born.
Feb. 1st.—Mother owes me twopence.

But among these occurred the following:—

"This day I give my heart to God.
Jesus keep me. This is all I pray."

This was the secret of her sweet life and tranquil death.

So she has slept for many years on that sunny hillside. And below, the river Severn, bearing on its bosom the stately white-winged ships, winds away like a silver ribbon to the sea. And it always seems to me a Parable of the River of Life, that is silently bearing the human barques out to the sea of Eternity.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE SHADOW OF DEATH.

'From my lips in their defilement,
From my heart in its beguilement,
From my tongue which speaks not fair,
From my soul stained everywhere,
Take, O Jesu, take my prayer."

—*Trans. from John Damascenus.*

"I bless Thee while my days go on;
I love Thee while my days go on;
Through dark and dearth, through fire and frost,
With empty arms and treasure lost,
I praise Thee while my days go on."

—*E. B. Browning.*

THE second time death came very near, it was not to a member of our household, though to one intimately known and loved.

He was a youth of brilliant promise, and massive intellect. Matriculating at the London University at sixteen, he went on as fast as possible, taking one after the other the Preliminary Scientific, First and Second Bachelor of Science, and First and Second Bachelor of Medicine Examinations successfully, and with honours, at that University.

He was designed for the Medical profession; a profession in which exceptional snares and temptations are to be met with. He went up to London to walk the hospitals, and was entered at Guy's Hospital.

Medical students have frequently a very bad reputation for wildness and wickedness of all sorts. He arrived in London by an evening train, accompanied by a fellow-student; and they drove straight to the private apartments

they had engaged, left their luggage there, ordered supper for ten o'clock, and went out for a walk. They were both thorough gentlemen by birth and training, and though not truly converted, were both sons of godly parents.

But in their absence, the landlady had discovered that they were medical students; and so great was her prejudice against that class of men, that on their return from their walk, she confronted them in the hall, pointed to their luggage which she had had re-strapped and brought downstairs, and requested them to take it and leave her house at once and go elsewhere. She said she could not possibly let her rooms to medical students. If she did so all her other boarders would leave her at once, and her house would gain a bad reputation.

In vain they assured her of their quiet habits. She had nothing against them personally she said, but she could not possibly receive them as boarders. So, instead of the supper and bed they had looked for, they were turned out at nearly twelve o'clock at night, and went to an hotel feeling insulted and indignant.

It was a bad beginning. It is not easy to live a noble life when one is insulted and suspected; and they lacked the one thing that would have given them victory over these things. Like so many brilliant young men who have not definitely put God *first* in their lives, my friend found himself unable to stand against the flood of temptations which soon overwhelmed him.

For some time he had been assailed by religious doubts; and during the time he was at Guy's, he became not only a confirmed Agnostic, but a scoffer at religion. Having thus lost the anchor of his soul, he was driven hither and thither by the gusts of temptation. To his mother, and others who loved him, this was a terrible sorrow. On his short and infrequent visits to his home, his widowed mother found it almost impossible to pray at family-prayers in his presence. She said it seemed as if a mocking devil was in the room, flinging her words back in scorn.

Still the brilliant intellectual career went on. He took honours in every examination, distinguished himself in

many ways, and seemed to drift ever further and further from all that was good and pure.

His letters home grew shorter, and arrived at longer intervals. Sometimes only a solitary post-card during a whole month would reach his mother.

There had been absolute silence for many weeks, when one evening his mother, sitting alone, heard the sounds of carriage-wheels driving up, and presently the door-bell rang. All the household were out at church, so she went herself to open the door. There in the dark stood a tall figure, leaning up against the door post.

"Mother, I've come home to die;" said the voice of her poor wayward son. Stunned and bewildered she at first could neither move nor make reply.

Again came the weary voice,—"Mother, the doctors give me only three days to live. I've come home to die with you."

She drew him in to the warmth and light, and with a breaking heart did all that love could do, but saw indeed that death had set its seal upon him. The family-physician was sent for, and he confirmed the sentence of death, saying indeed that he might linger for some weeks, but that there was no hope.

"No hope." It seemed indeed true. No outlook of hope for building again the shattered physical strength. No outlook of hope for redeeming the brilliant but wasted life! In an agony too deep for expression the prayers of those who loved him best, went up night and day to the merciful One, Who "came not to condemn, but to *save*."

For some time the old proud reserve continued; and it was only in the broken utterances of his delirium that the workings of his mind were revealed.

"Always to be first—always in Honours List—Now all gone!—What use?—Doctors say must die. Yes. This is death;—physical disintegration;—and *I'm lost!—I'm lost!*"

As his mother listened to the unconscious mutterings, so infinitely pathetic in the stately scholarly English he always used, and always ending with that hopeless cry

"*Lost!*" it seemed to her that either she must go mad with the anguish, or she must, by the might of her own love and faith, lead the soul of her dying child to rest on Jesus the Sin-bearer.

So, bending over him she answered quietly:—

"Are you lost, darling? Then you are just the very one Jesus came to seek and to save. Jesus Himself says "The Son of Man is come to save that which is lost." Over and over again the tender words of that and similar passages from the Bible were repeated, till at last they seemed to penetrate the bewilderment of his brain, and arrest his attention. "Lost—Jesus came to save;" he murmured.

One day when in his mental wanderings, the old restlessness and anguish had been strong upon him for some time, he opened his eyes, and becoming conscious that his mother was weeping beside him, stretched out his hand in a mute caress, asking her why she wept? Had he said anything in his delirium to distress her? She told him something of what he had said, and spoke of the infinite mercy and love of God in giving His Son to bear away our sin.

"But mother," he moaned, "I sinned with my eyes open! I knew everything good, yet deliberately chose evil."

"Yes my child; you and I have nothing to plead of our own righteousness. There is nothing left for us to pray but the prayer of the Publican."

"What did he say?" he asked eagerly and wistfully, as if he had forgotten the story he had known from his childhood.

He prayed "God be merciful to me a sinner." She replied.

"Tell it me, mother," he pleaded like a child.

She took the New Testament and read the verses. (Luke 18-13.)

"Two men went up into the Temple to pray: the one a Pharisee, and other a Publican. The Pharisee stood and prayed thus with himself:—"God I thank thee that I am not as other men are:—extortioners, unjust, adulterers, or

even as this Publican. I fast twice in the week. I give tithes of all that I possess."

But the Publican, standing afar off, would not lift up so much as his eyes to heaven, but smote upon his breast, saying "God be merciful to me a sinner."

"And did He?" he asked, "Did He save him?"

"Yes; God saved him. The Bible says he "went down to his house justified."

A deep sigh was the only response.

Some minutes of silence passed; then turning again to her dying son, the mother urged;—"*You* can say that prayer, dear. Say, 'God be merciful to me a sinner.'"

Folding his hands with the simplicity of a little child, and looking up to God, he repeated the prayer three times, putting the emphasis on a different word each time, thus:—

"*God*, be merciful to me a sinner."
"God be merciful to *me*—a sinner."
"God be merciful to me—a *sinner*."
"For the sake of Jesus Christ my Lord."

In his mortal weakness, this simple confession of sin, and need, and faith, was all he was capable of. But it was enough; and from that moment he laid the burden of his sin and sorrow upon Jesus the Saviour, and was at rest.

For a few moments he lay still, all the strain and shadow gone from his face; then, turning to his mother he said tenderly;—"Mother dear, you need not cry for me any more. It is all right. He has forgiven me." And closing his eyes he fell asleep.

From that day his peace was unbroken; and with the love of God, it seemed as if the human love also came like a strong tide, and flooded his whole being. All the proud reserve that had so often chilled those who loved him was swept away. He now confided every thought to his mother, and could not bear her to be out of his sight. Only as to the details of his London experiences did he preserve silence; saying, "Mother, I will not tell you of all I did in London. I have confessed it *all* to God, and He has forgiven me; but it is better not told to any mortal.

I never *dreamed* God was like this, mother! How could I sin against such love?"

He called for each of his brothers in turn, and for his only sister, and had a private talk with each, entreating them to give themselves wholly to the service of Christ, and not to waste their lives as he had done. They were very much touched, and gave him the promise he desired.

His sister had always been passionately attached to him; and at the time when he was a scoffing atheist, she had been so far under his influence as to declare "If J—is an atheist I will be one too; if he goes to hell I will go too. What is good enough for him is good enough for me!"

The last parting between these two was inexpressibly affecting. He entreated her not to let his evil influence in the past be a curse to her, and an irretrievable anguish to him now he was dying; but to come with all her pride and bitterness, love, and woe, and sin, and cast herself at the feet of the Saviour who had received and pardoned him. She gave the promise; and a little later he passed away, in full assurance of hope, leaving many tender memories, and having in his last days sown many seeds that will I trust spring up unto everlasting life. He was not quite twenty-two years old when he died.

Many brilliant young men may read this record. May they not make the sorrowful mistake he did of living to self; but may they put God first in everything! Among the things he said to his mother was this:—"Mother, I had many religious doubts it is true, but I also deliberately fostered them, and darkened my own understanding. I did not want to believe in God, *because belief condemned the kind of life I was determined to live.*"

Is not this indeed the secret of too much of the unbelief of the present day? "This is the condemnation; that light is come into the world, and men loved darkness rather than light because their deeds were evil."—*John 3-19.*

Let this sad life-story teach us to seek *first* the kingdom of God, and His righteousness." All the rest God will take care of, and give us as much of earthly prosperity as is good for us.

Some of my Hindu student-friends who will read this, have, I know, a great desire to go to England. One of them said to me the other day, "I am always thinking;—"Can I not see England even once before I die? I long to go, but my father does not like the idea. You told me to pray to God about it, and I do pray; but what is the use of praying when we have our parents and grand-parents, and they are so old-fashioned in their ideas?" I should like to tell my dear young friend a little about prayer as Christians understand it. Many, even very good people, seem to have some misconception on the subject. It is nowhere said in the Bible that everything we may pray for will be granted unconditionally. There are at least six conditions to be observed; and those who do not know about these conditions are apt to be disappointed,—and to think God is not as good as His word.

The first condition is a negative one.

PSALM 66: 18.—"If I regard iniquity in my heart the Lord will not hear me."

Then there follow five positive conditions:—

I. MATT. 18: 19.—*Agreement.* "If two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in heaven."

II. JOHN 14: 14.—*In Christ's name.* "If ye shall ask anything *in my name* I will do it." "Whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son."

III. MATT. 21: 22.—*Believing.* "All things whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, *believing*, ye shall receive."

IV. JOHN 5: 14.—*According to His will.* If we ask anything *according to His will* he heareth us.

V. JOHN 15: 7.—*Abiding in Him.* "If ye *abide in Me* and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you."

These are the five conditions, and they must all be kept if we would have answers to our prayers. The secret of

keeping all the others is contained in the last condition. If we love God, if our thoughts are constantly dwelling on His words, if we disregard worldly maxims and standards, and make His words the rule of our lives, all the rest will follow quite naturally.

Without this, some fail in one, and some in another condition. My young friend tells me he prays. Yet he says in the same breath ;—"What is the use of praying so long as such difficulties remain?" He fails in the third condition. Many other friends have said to me ;—"Oh yes, I quite agree that such and such things are desirable, but you may as well save yourself the trouble and disappointment of expecting them, for I do not believe they will ever come to pass!"

Well, but *I do believe ;* and that makes all the difference. I know that God is "able to do exceeding abundantly, above all that we can ask or think."

These words are His words. Either He is true, or He is a liar. There is no alternative. And that these words of Jesus are true I have had hundreds of joyful proofs, and expect hundreds more.

One has but to observe the conditions, and the result is unfailing. There are conditions to be observed even in going to Madras. The train runs daily, and we may feel it desirable to go; but unless we convey ourselves to the station, take a ticket, and seat ourselves in the train, we may spend our whole lives without seeing Madras.

Before we set up our own will, it is well to find out what "the will of God" really is; and if it is not something much better than we have any idea of. Then, if we "abide in Him," all these promises are ours.

Is it worth trying or is it not?

CHAPTER XIV.

Old Age.

For toil, there comes the crowned rest!
Instead of burdens, eagles' wings!
And I, even I, this life-long thirst
Shall quench at everlasting springs.

—*Horatius Bonar.*

We have seen the death of a child, and of a young man. Now let me tell you of what love human and divine can do, to ease the long humiliation and weariness of old age, and of a lingering death-in-life.

After many years of Missionary-life in South Africa, and many more laborious years in England, my father had a paralytic stroke which affected his speech; so that though he recovered to a great extent, he was unable to preach any more. The giving up of his beloved work was a great trial to him; but as the months went on, progressive paralysis set in; and by degrees thing after thing had to be relinquished. The reading and praying at Family Prayers had to be delegated to another. His speech could not be controlled even for so short a service. Then after another short interval, even the brief prayer before each meal became too much for him. It was a terribly hard thing to thus die by inches, and to be so cut off from all communication with friends. His right side was also slightly affected; but as, after his active life he could not bear to do nothing, he began to write a book, and actually carried it through though with great difficulty. His nerveless fingers almost refused to close on the pen; and when the MS. was completed, he laid it aside feeling that he had written his last word on earth, and that one more interest was closed for ever.

It was so hard to see him sit desolately doing nothing,—for he had always made the brightness of our home,—that I begged him to try and play once more through a book of tunes on the organ; taking two or three tunes a day. He gently assented, as was his wont, and got part way through the book, when he was obliged to give up. He looked at me pathetically and with difficulty articulated;—"It is no use my child; my right hand has forgotten its cunning!" In vain I rubbed the stiffening fingers and coaxed him to try once more. It was too evident that this power too had ebbed away for ever.

This death-in-life crept on and on, and he saw himself shut helplessly away from interest after interest. It was nobly borne,—but it was a heart-breaking strain for us all. For two long years this went on; this silent dropping out of life, before he became utterly incapacitated and took to bed. Never, during all that time was any small service rendered but courteous thanks were returned; and when speech was denied, he would bravely smile, or bend his head in acknowledgment.

He often desired Hymns and Scripture should be read to him, and his mind was perfectly peaceful; though owing to the depressing nature of the illness, joy was absent. Although his life had been one of devoted service to God and man, beautiful and blameless, yet his whole trust was in the Atonement of Jesus Christ. One of the hymns he most frequently asked for contained the following verse:—

"Whate'er I have of evil done,
Or said, or thought, on Him was laid:
My trust is in Thy bleeding Son;
On Him my fainting soul is stayed.
Father, accept His sacrifice,
And bid me live, for Jesus dies."

At Easter the Doctor told us he could only live a few days, and the whole family was summoned. When his eldest son entered the room, my father, after a long period of unconsciousness, seemed to recognise him, and tried to

articulate, "God bless you, my son." Charlie and I had been with him many days and nights, but he had never recognised us. It seemed too hard, and Charlie went to him beseeching;—"Father, bless me too." But the gleam of consciousness was past, and though he lingered till nearly the end of July, he was unable to make so much sign of recognition again. When he actually did pass away only my mother and myself were there.

He had lingered so long in this prostration, that the other members of the family, who were utterly worn out, had gone for a few days' rest to the seaside. But suddenly one day the unmistakable change came. I called my mother who was resting in another room. As she entered the room he looked full at her, one clear, understanding look. She went to him, and kneeling beside the bed took his head upon her breast. One long look passed between them, then with a satisfied smile he fixed his eyes upward. For me there was no look, no sign. But it was evident his spirit was passing, and I shall never forget my mother's look. A vivid rosy flush, like sunset upon snow, suddenly flared over her pallid face. Her life's sun was setting indeed. She turned to me with an intense mournful gaze and whispered;—"Pray." And I prayed that through the merits of Christ our Redeemer, who died for our sins, and rose again, he too might "pass through the grave and gate of death to a joyful resurrection."

As I rose, I saw my mother lay him back upon the pillow, and take a last kiss from his living lips. In that embrace his spirit passed.

Then she turned quietly to me in all the majesty of her sorrow, and clasping me in her arms said;—"Leave me alone with my dead for a few moments, my child. Then come back and help me. You and I will do everything for him. No stranger hands shall touch him."

Having made preparations, and sent off telegrams to my brothers I returned to her; and with perfect calm she went through all the last sad and tender offices. But the strain was very great, and when all was over, she was compelled to lie down quite exhausted. The house was darkened,

according to custom, and I waited eagerly for my brother's arrival that evening.

He came in, strong and tender; suppressing his own sorrow for my sake. Taking me in his arms he stood silent for a few moments in strong emotion, then said, "I wish I had been here to help you. It was hard for you to have to go through it alone. Where is mother? How does she bear it?"

"Oh Charlie it is terrible. She has not shed a tear, but she looks as if she must die too."

"I wish we could all die together;" he said despairingly. Then added "But come, we must not talk like this. We must be brave for poor little mother's sake. Poor mother! She is a widow now. Let us go and comfort her."

As we turned to go the door opened, and she came gliding in looking so frail and spirit-like.

"Mother!" he said, clasping her to him in a reverent protecting embrace.

Then added as soon as he could control his voice;— "Mother dear, you shall never miss my father's care if I can help it so long as you live. I will be both son and husband to you; so help me God."

"My dear son! I thank God for my precious children!" she murmured. Well and faithfully has her son kept his promise of love and tenderest care for his widowed mother ever since.*

Widows are treated with special sympathy and regard by all right-minded people in England. No sort of stigma attaches to them; their special sorrow makes them in a sense sacred.

* Since this was written our dear mother is a widow no longer, but has found again her husband in the Heavenly Land.

CHAPTER XV.

RECONCILIATION.

There is no Death! What seems so is transition ;
This Life of mortal breath
Is but the suburb of the Life Elysian,
Whose portal we call DEATH.—*Longfellow.*

OF course, the doctrine of Transmigration* of souls, from which I suppose the ill-treatment of widows in this country has arisen, finds no place in England ; therefore no death or disaster is attributed to any fault in a former birth. Instead of Transmigration we hold the doctrine of the Resurrection of the dead, which is very clearly taught in our Scriptures. I will quote a few verses on this subject, some of which are read at every funeral service:

1 THESS. 4 : 16.—" The Lord Himself shall descend from heaven with the voice of an archangel, with the trumpet of God ; and the dead in Christ shall rise first.

1 CORINTH. 15 : 12, 13, 14, 15.—Now if Christ be risen from the dead, how say some among you that there is no resurrection of the dead? But if there be no resurrection of the dead then hath not Christ been raised. And if Christ be not raised, then is our preaching vain, and your faith also is vain. Then they also which are fallen asleep in Christ are perished.

JOB 19 : 25.—But *I know* that my Redeemer liveth, and that He shall stand up at the last upon the earth

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* Transmigration was however believed and taught by the Druids, who were the ancient British priests. But it is among the things that have long since utterly passed away.

26.—And though after my skin hath been thus destroyed *yet in my flesh I shall see God*, Whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold and not another.

JOHN 14 : 1.—Jesus said :—"Let not your heart be troubled . . . . I go to prepare a place for you . . . and I will come again and receive you unto myself, that where I am there ye may be also."

JOHN 11 : 25.—"I am the Resurrection and the Life."

1 COR. 15 : 26.—The last enemy that shall be destroyed is Death.

35.—But some man will say "How are the dead raised up, and with what body do they come?"

36.—Thou foolish one! That which thou sowest is not quickened except it die; and thou sowest not that body that shall be, but a bare grain, it may chance of wheat or some other kind. But God giveth it a body as it hath pleased him, and to every seed its own body.

42.—So also is the resurrection of the dead. It is sown in corruption; it is raised in incorruption. It is sown in dishonour; it is raised in glory. It is sown in weakness; it is raised in power.

54.—So, when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, "Death is swallowed up in victory."

55.—O Death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?

56.—The sting of Death is Sin.

57.—Thanks be unto God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.

JOHN. 1 : 29.—Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world.

This is the hope that gives dignity and peace in death. Some of these words are read in a loud clear voice as

the mourners make their way to the grave-side; and even though natural tears are shed, it is with praise to God that the dear sleeper is laid to rest. When we had returned to the house after my father's funeral, and had partaken of refreshment with the friends who had come to pay the last tribute of affection to him who had for so many years taught them in all holy things, we all gathered round the organ, and sang the following beautiful Burial Hymn :—

"Now the labourer's task is o'er;
Now the battle-day is past;
Now upon the further shore
Rests the voyager at last.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping,
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

There the tears of earth are dried;
There its hidden things are clear;
There the work of life is tried
By a juster Judge than here.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping,
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping."

It was not at first my intention to speak here of Christian doctrine; and yet, it is inevitable that in describing Christian life, the central fact of Christianity (I mean the doctrine of the Atonement of Jesus Christ for sin) should be brought prominently forward.

I know that this doctrine is one of peculiar difficulty to our Hindu friends. Many have said to me ;—"We admire and accept the morality of Christ, but we cannot accept His Divinity or His Atonement."

But, unless one can accept *all* His statements, there is little morality left to accept. If He were not what He claimed to be, the Son of God, He was a self-deceiver, a gross impostor, unworthy to be received as a teacher.

Last year, at the lectures given by Dr. Barrows in connection with the World's Parliament of Religions, the Hindu President of one of the meetings asked two very thoughtful and pertinent questions on this subject. The first question was, I hear, to this effect :—

"If God be a loving Father, what need for an Atonement at all? What need for Christ to die to appease His wrath against sinful man?"

The second question was something like this:—"Granted that an Atonement was necessary, why was it delayed so long?"

Now, these questions deserve the most earnest and careful response, and are of real difficulty. I do not know what answers have been given, if any; but I have thought a good deal about them, and may perhaps be permitted to indicate the lines of thought that to my mind contain the most satisfactory answer. To the first question there are many popular answers that I shall not even touch upon; but there is one I would just refer to; *i.e.*, that which has to do with the broken law. Lawyers may perhaps read this. They would not for a moment allow that mere regret or remorse on the part of an offender, would clear him from receiving the penalty of the transgressed human law.

Such a course of action could only bring law and justice into contempt.

I need not continue this idea. It has been brought forward almost too often already. But the aspect of the question that most comes home to me is this. The Atonement was necessary, *not to reconcile God to man, but to reconcile man to God.* There was indeed "enmity," which must be slain; but it was on the part of man to God, not on the part of God to man. God does indeed speak of His anger; but it is the anger of outraged and despised love. A careful study of the prophecies of the Old Testament will show how for hundreds of years God had been sending messages of love and entreaty by the mouths of the prophets, and of the proud rejection of those messages. The mere *declaration* of love was not enough. The need was for something,—some *manifestation* of love on the part of the Divine Father, whereby man's enmity should be slain. Even Christ's *words,* almost all refused to hear; but His *death* began to convince them of *love* as well as justice; and that death has gone

on convincing thousands ever since. What was the answer to God's entreaty?

Let us glance at a few verses:

GOD.—"I have loved you;" saith the Lord. (Malachi 1: 2).

PEOPLE.—"Wherein hast Thou loved us?"

GOD.—"Turn ye, turn ye from your evil way for why will ye die?" Wilt thou not from this time cry unto me, "My Father, Thou art the guide of my youth?"

PEOPLE.—"We are our own lords! We will come no more to Thee." Jer. 2: 31.

GOD.—"Come now, and let us reason together. Though your sins be as scarlet they shall be white as snow. Though they be red like crimson they shall be as wool." Isaiah 1: 18 "Return ye now every one from his evil way, and make your ways and your doings good." Jer. 18: 11.

PEOPLE.—"There is no hope; but we will walk every one after his own devices, and we will every one do the imagination of his evil heart." Jer. 18: 12.

GOD.—"Take with you words and turn to the Lord. Say to Him, 'Take away all iniquity and receive us graciously.'" Hosea 14: 2.

PEOPLE.—"Our lips are our own! Who is Lord over us?" Psa. 12: 4.

GOD.—"I have spread out my hands all day to a rebellious people which walketh in a way that was not good, after their own thoughts. Yet, I drew them with the bands of love. How shall I give thee up? . . . Turn ye, turn ye, from your evil way, for why will ye die?" Isaiah 65-2 / Ezek. 33-11

PEOPLE.—"There is no hope; no: for I have loved strangers, and after them will I go." Jer. 2: 25.

So, having pleaded His utmost in vain, God, as a final resource, if one may reverently say so, gave His

Son. But not indeed in any arbitrary spirit, or in vengeance.

See the following verses :—

JOHN 3 : 16.—" God *so loved the world* that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.

,, 17.—*For God sent not His Son to condemn the world, but that the world through Him might be saved !*"

Then too the Atonement was quite voluntary on the part of Jesus Christ. He says :—

JOHN 10 : 11.—" I am the good Shepherd."

,, 15.—" And I lay down my life for the sheep."

,, 18.—" *No man taketh it from me*; *but I lay it down of myself*. I have power to lay it down, and I have power to take it again."

After this Atonement how different becomes the attitude of man towards God.

1 JOHN 3 : 16.—" *Hereby perceive we the love of God, because He laid down his life for us.*"

1 JOHN 4 : 10.—" Herein is love; not that we loved God, but that he loved us, and sent His Son to be the propitiation for our sins."

Then too, note how altered becomes the attitude of man to man. This love is, or ought to be, the root of all mission or philanthropic efforts.

1 JOHN 2 : 2.—" He is the propitiation for our sins ; and not for ours only but for the sins *of the whole world.*"

2 COR. 5 : 14, 15.—"And the love of Christ constraineth *us* also: because we thus judge that . . . . He died *for all*, that *they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto Him which died for them.*"

,, 18.—God . . . Hath reconciled us to Himself by Jesus Christ, and hath given to *us* also the ministry of reconciliation.

To wit that *God was in Christ reconciling the world unto Himself*, not imputing their trespasses unto them.

2 COR. 20.—*We* are ambassadors therefore on behalf of Christ, as *though God were entreating by us, we beseech you on behalf of Christ be ye reconciled to God.*

To the second question,—" Why was the Atonement so long delayed ? " For some time there seemed no satisfactory answer ; but now there is some light in my mind on the subject. One might ask in effect ;—" Why not ? " Of course, the Atonement might have taken place at once, when there were only two on earth to be saved. But then the Atonement would have been only in retrospect to all the myriads who should be born into the world later.

And there would have been at least one great disadvantage in this. When we consider with how much difficulty this fact of the Atonement has been received by many, one can well understand, that, had it taken place so far back in the dim, ancient times, it would have come to be regarded only as a myth or legend. No proofs would have been forthcoming. But God waited till as St. Paul says " the fulness of time was come ;" (see *Gal.* 4 : 4.) " But when the fulness of the time was come, God sent forth His Son, made of a woman, made under the law."

God waited till the history of the world was well-advanced; till comparatively recent times. Jewish and Roman history can corroborate all that is said in the Scriptures concerning it. All those who officiated at the trial and death of Jesus are well-known historical figures. The evidences are strong both as to His Death and Resurrection.

But of course *the* proof both as to the need for an Atonement, and the Divinity of Him who atoned, has to be found in the changed lives of those who are not only called by His name, but who *really believe in Him.* " To *as many as received Him gave He power to become the sons of God.*" Some find it difficult to believe the miracles recorded in the Testament as having been performed by our

Lord. I confess that to me these have never been any difficulty. Whether is easier, to work on matter or on spirit? The miracles that I have seen and known in this hard-headed nineteenth century, equal any recorded in the New Testament. The miracle for instance, by which a poor hardened lost woman, who had been sixteen years in the hulks, and sixteen years on the streets, vile and degraded, utterly hopeless, as every one would have declared her,—the miracle I say by which this poor child of the devil, whose face bore only too plainly the scars and marks of her long service for him, received power to become a child of God;—power to become pure, and loving, and tender; a real blessing in the squalid court in which she lived; who, under this new divine influence, began to gather other poor sinful women into her house in evenings, to plead with them to give up their evil ways, to pray with them, and to lead many of them to the Saviour that had saved her.

And not only so, but many a cup of hot coffee that she would have had herself, has she given to some of these poor lost ones, that they might not have the plea of hunger to excuse their evil life. That is a practical religion which goes supperless itself that others may eat.

Many and many a similar miracle have I seen and known, among rich and poor, learned and ignorant. Miracles by which old ambitions die away, old prejudices vanish, old tastes become changed, old sins lose their power,—and a really new life is born.

"As many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God."

Not "as many as received the *System of Christianity*." It says nothing about any system. To as many as received *Him*, He became a Saviour from sin, the "power of an endless life."

CHAPTER XVI.

An Evening at a Hindu Literary Association.

"At every moment of our lives we should be trying to find out, not in what we differ with other people, but in what we agree with them."

—*Ruskin.*

When I first began to write these articles I had no idea to what proportions they would grow. Having many friends among Hindu students, I was persuaded by a certain Association to write a paper on "English Home Life," which seems a very favourite subject for their essays and debates. Though I had not much that was new to say, I thought I could give them an *inside* view of it; and one taken also from a woman's standpoint.

So that the first six articles of these series were given on four separate occasions to various Associations of Hindu students. On each occasion I was fortunate enough to secure an enlightened Hindu President. But public speaking was not much in my line, and as one of my dear young friends remarked affably, (and very justly,) "Madam, it is an acceptable fact that you have a faint throat;" I decided to address my audience in future by other and more satisfactory methods.

Still, I, at least, learned a good deal from those attempts at lecturing, and learned some things I had much wished to know as to Indian thought on many matters.

After the first 'lecture' [comprising the three articles on Courtship, Housekeeping, and Training of Children,] was over, the evening was thrown open for discussion; for to my great satisfaction I learned that some of the students had come to the meeting burning to oppose me! I was pleased, because I am sure English people and Indians have much to learn from each other. Some of the remarks made were

very interesting. To begin with, my President whispered to me, "I see you have carefully eschewed all religion in your lecture." I think I then replied to the effect that I could not courteously speak definitely of Christianity unless requested. But I meditated upon his words, and finally decided, "*Not guilty.*" I argued thus. Suppose I have a cup of tea in one hand, and some sugar in the other. As long as I keep them separate, the sugar is easily discerned no doubt, but it does not do what it ought to do. Then suppose I stir the sugar into the tea. It is invisible, you cannot point to one scrap and say, "This is sugar." But, on the other hand, if you taste but one drop of tea you will have no doubt whether there is sugar in it or not. And so with my lecture. The religion was not discernible as a separate thing no doubt. Had it been, it would not perhaps so thoroughly have done its work. It was where *Christianity ever must be if it is anything more than a name;* *i.e.*, in the *life*—sweetening and purifying every corner of it.

The sugar was exactly where it ought to be, *i.e.*, *in the tea.*

Afterwards he spoke more exactly perhaps when he said, "You left out everything controversial."

Some of the remarks made by the students also, were exceedingly instructive and interesting.

One gentleman said that the secret of the prosperity of England might be expressed in one technical word, *i.e.*, "maid-of-all-works!"

Admirably brief and to the point as this speech was, we yet failed to catch its full import till he explained that in England there was no caste, and therefore a separate servant for each kind of work, was not required. The "maid-of-all-works" could do all that was required.

Another said he had heard that hospitality was a leading feature among English people; and instanced the case of an Indian, who, when visiting England was entertained as guest in a certain house; and discovered that his hostess got up early in the morning to *clean his boots!* Most certainly that lady should not go down to posterity unhonoured and unsung! But where was her husband? And why

was he such a ruffian as to allow his wife to clean the guest's boots, instead of doing it himself, if they had no servants?

Another remarked that some Hindus have already adopted English notions as to bathing in their own houses, and added that sometimes even students would go home and "demand of their mother a bath in the house."

I had not time to answer these and many other very interesting remarks in detail at the time; but the President, in a wise and noble speech, touched upon almost every point, and infinitely better than I could have done. Also being an Indian, his words came with authority, and not as the mere opinions of an outsider. In answer to this remark *re* bathing, he spoke of the advantages of bathing in rivers in this climate, saying there could be no objection to it so long as propriety was observed, and a suitable portion of the river chosen. To that I may add, that if any students wish to bathe in the house, it is all very right and proper to do so, if *it can be arranged for without the muscles of mothers, wives, or sisters, having to ache with carrying the additional water.*

But in all these questions, true refinement will never be attained by any mere change of external custom; but by the putting into practice, in every detail, of courtesy and consideration for others, especially towards the weaker sex. It is said somewhere that any man will be courteous to his superiors, if only out of self-interest; and most men are considerate to their equals; but a true gentleman or lady is distinguished by consideration and politeness to dependants and inferiors.

Some very appreciative remarks as to the English marriage-arrangements were made; and the evils of child-marriage were dwelt upon.

One pessimistic youth observed gloomily, "Among us, as soon as a girl attains her age she is married, has a child next year, is old at twenty-five, and dies at thirty!"

This is as the President observed, "sharp work!" but even if the statement is slightly exaggerated, there is much truth in these words; and I was glad to see a public opinion

on the matter gaining ground among the younger men, in whose hands reform pre-eminently must lie.

There were several remarks from those who took opposite views; and one critic remarked that in the Christian marriage-service, husband and wife promised before God that the contract should be for "as long as they both shall live." "And yet in the English newspapers we constantly read of these Christians getting divorces! How can that be explained?" he asked.

To that I may say in the first place, that the teaching of the New Testament has been made the basis of English law in this respect. If one refers to St. Matthew, 19th chapter, 9th verse, it will be seen that there is one cause, and one only, for which divorce was permitted by Christ. But even then He adds, "From the beginning it was not so;" and again in St. Mark, 10th chapter, 7th, 8th and 9th verses, He speaks still more strongly of the inviolability of the marriage-relation. So that, at most, divorce can only be taken as by *permission*, not by commandment under *any* circumstances.

In the second place, a rather unfortunate thing, is, the classification by Indians of all English people as Christians. Perhaps only a small proportion of them have any real right to that name; and in England when we speak of Christians, we mean those only who at least profess to have given up their wills and lives to be ordered by the teachings of Christianity; though even this is a loose way of judging; and a real Christian is one whose whole life is one of obedience and love to *no system*, but to Christ Himself. Jesus says "*My* sheep hear *my* voice:" and it is those who have heard His voice, and who are taught by His spirit and His word, that, few in number though they may be, have dominated to a large extent English national thought and social life. There are thousands upon thousands in England who are practically without any heart-religion; yet who outwardly at least defer to Christianized public opinion, and participate in the benefits of a Christianized Society, which has been the outgrowth of those principles of life taught by Christ nineteen centuries ago,

and which social blessings are coveted by many Eastern reformers.

In his beautiful address at the close of my first lecture, my President remarked, "I do not agree with those who say there is no need to institute a comparison between English and Indian social life. We *must* compare them; and we must have the wisdom and candour to recognise and acknowledge where our customs are faulty. *We must have the best of the Western civilization transplanted here.*"

When he said that, my thoughts flew back to a scene in an English garden many years ago. There were several children digging, and enthusiastically planting, each in his own little garden some fresh seeds that had just been given to them. All were delighted except the youngest, a sweet baby-girl of three or four years old. She looked with much disfavour on the little brown seeds, and lisped;—"Me not have nasty seeds! Me plant mother's pitty flowers!" And going over to the central flower-bed, she gathered many bright flowers and stuck them with their stalks in her little garden. Then, charmed by the beautiful garden she had so quickly made, she brought every one to look at her "pitty flowers." But, of course, within a few short hours, they had all drooped, and hung withered and unsightly.

Will my President ever forgive me if I say that he reminded me of that innocent baby?

Those who speak of transplanting the best of the Western Civilization, forget that just as surely as much of the present social condition of India is the legitimate and inevitable outgrowth from certain seed-rules and principles laid down in Manu's Code; so is the social condition of England the legitimate and inevitable outgrowth from the seed-words of Jesus Christ. It is in either case an outgrowth, not an accretion. I read a sentence in an article by Dr. John Robson in the "Hindu" a day or two ago, to the effect that "The Brahmo Samaj claims to have assimilated Christianity." Has it? Or has it merely adopted certain Christian ideals and moral maxims? Has it gathered the flowers, and declined the Root whence they spring?

St. Paul describes Christianity as "the law of the Spirit

of life in Christ Jesus." And though I am far from thinking that many of the outward rituals and forms that have grown up in connection with what we may call the "System" of Christianity, would be necessary, or even desirable; for India. I do more and more believe that what India needs is *Christ*.

We all know how differently plants and flowers develope according to the soils in which they are grown. It is preposterous to think that the East could slavishly copy the West with advantage. Only let there be the acceptance of this Life by the hearts of the people, and it would fashion to itself a form suited to its environment, and develope gloriously along original lines. A few surface-reforms will not amount to much! They will appear almost grotesque and unnatural among much of the rest. The danger is, that unless the Root, Christ Jesus, be accepted in this country, educated Indians will only lose their own religion, through associating with the irreligious among Europeans, and through studying the teachings of only agnostic scientists. And many of the younger ones will give up the wise simplicity of many of their own customs, in favour of the most empty, harmful, and extravagant, customs of the godless portion of English Society.

Unitarians compose an exceedingly small portion of the English religious world. Again, I say, "Eschew Christianity, and you draw your ideas of English life only from the practically godless class in England, however cultured, however refined."

If I presume to speak thus; it is because I care so much for many for whom I write, and for whom I foresee this inevitable danger, in the charm everything Western has for them.

CHAPTER XVII.

The Chief Need of Humanity.

If I could once lay down myself
And start self-purged upon the race
That all must run! Death runs apace.

God strengthen me to bear myself;
That heaviest weight of all to bear,
Inalienable weight of care.

Myself, arch-traitor to myself,
My hollowest friend, my deadliest foe,
My clog whichever road I go.

But One there is can curb myself;
Can roll the strangling load from me,
Break off the yoke, and set me free.

—*Christina Rosetti.*

Let me speak this once quite freely and simply. And let us forget all the mere surface-differences of race, creed, colour, religion, ruler and ruled, and everything else that tends to make a sense of separation. And let us stand for a few moments to each other as we do all stand before God, just in our common humanity, with its needs, cares, joys, ambitions and sins.

We have, in these chapters, together glanced at many aspects of life. We have touched on points where reforms social and political were needed. We have spoken of remedies and ideals. But if we stop short here, we are only mocking ourselves. We have not yet glanced at the most intimate need of each one of us. I mean the need of deliverance from the bondage of self, from the burden of our own personal sin.

Possibly a few who read this may know themselves so

little as to resent such a term as 'sin' being used in connection with themselves. Others again admit it, and recognise their need from the depths of their nature, yet see no escape, no remedy.

The more enlightened the mind and conscience, the deeper is the consciousness of our will being out of harmony with the greatest and highest moral requirements.

We recognise what is good; we approve it; we even teach it to others; and yet, do we always walk according to it? Do we not often do exactly contrary to it?

Hinduism may say:—"Knowledge is better than practice."

The Bible says:—"To him that knoweth to do good, and doeth it not, to him *it is sin*." It must be sin, to know the good and to choose the evil. Knowledge always increases responsibility.

And we know that the currents of our nature do *not* set towards law and righteousness. There is a silent downward drifting force in the nature of every one of us. There may be many things that help to stem this downward tide outwardly. Our own self-respect, public opinion, considerations of prudence,—all these, and yet the current is there all the same. It is there we know; and in spite of all these things it is often a sore conflict not to be carried away by this downward-drifting force.

This conflict is known to us all. It is the oldest cry and confession of humanity. "The good that I would, I do not; the evil that I would not, that I do."

There is no need for the lips to speak the confession. In how many faces the shadows of more than mere conflict, the shame of conscious defeat is answer enough. There are other traces of defeat in the hardened heart, the seared conscience, the suspicious judgments.

We know it. We admit it. But how is it to be otherwise? How are we, in the face of this steady downward drift to make any stand? Knowledge mocks us here. Ideals are swept away. There is a better life we all admit. It is desirable to live it. *But who, and what, is to supply the motive-force?*

There is silence. Time solves most problems ; but this one does not get easier to answer as life goes on.

Let us think a little.

We remember the high hopes, the enthusiastic aspirations with which most of us perhaps began life. We had ideals then ; convictions then.

But the years have gone on, and have taken something away with them. We have become very liberal in our views, have outgrown emotion and attained manhood we say. As for those early enthusiasms for righteousness and self-sacrifice, we remember them with a smile perhaps ; —and perhaps a sigh. Any how we look on life as it *is*, now, we say. We have given up dreaming dreams.

And life seems to be a success for many. They justly consider themselves, and are considered by others brilliant and successful men. And there is the money piling up ;— the sure tangible proof of worth and success in this world. Perhaps the tides of life, of physical and mental strength are at the flood ; and in all this pride of power it is difficult to realize and estimate oneself at merely a moral value !

All this on the one hand. On the other, perhaps the profession brings one into contact with all the meanest and darkest phases of human nature ; and one begins to lose all faith in purity and uprightness. Having once let that go, how quickly the feet begin to slide. Who does not know the corroding influences of constant association with evil ? And there is the pressure of example without, and the strain of the answering evil within ; and so there is this silent sinking away from all that is high and pure, and the succumbing to what is selfish and low.

We excuse it to others perhaps ; but there come moments when we may not hide the truth from ourselves ; and as they read these words there are hearts crying up to God,—" Father, I have sinned ; I have sinned !"

Well :—and what answer is there anywhere to this cry of our common humanity ?

Let us listen first to Hinduism.

It says in effect;—"Matter is evil; but a day is coming when every man shall receive exactly the fruit of his doings. He who can get rid of all his passions, and affections, "to whom pleasure and pain are alike, to whom a clod, stone, and gold are alike, who is the same in honour and disgrace, to whom praise and blame are equal, who regardeth friend and foe alike, who is indifferent to wife and son, ... he is the highest, and is fit for absorption into Brahma."

But is this the only path from sin to holiness? The word holiness, is, I believe, derived from the same root as *wholeness*, completeness; and that certainly is the idea contained in the Christian use of the word holiness. To divest one's self of all that may make life glorious and useful, and reduce oneself to a state of nescience as far as possible, can that be the best way out of the difficulty?

What says Christless science and philosophy?

It says in effect;—"There is no remedy." "With the means at our disposal, this disease of sin is *incurable*." It can only recommend "prudence," and leave defeated humanity to sit bewailing itself in slime and degradation.

Knowledge? Education? Yes, but what is the use of knowing the good, if the *will*, the *choice*, be for evil? It was a brilliantly-educated man that testified that "education has made many of us rascals." Besides, it is not for *ignorance*, but for *sin*, that we are seeking a remedy.

What is the testimony of the modern intellectual Hindu? I have spoken with many; but with one consent they say in effect, "Ah! There indeed you have put your finger on the hurt of humanity! We know of no remedy."

Our Bishop was speaking the other day of a certain friend of his, a sheep farmer in Australia, who owned thousands of sheep. That friend told him that in all his experience, he had *never once known a strayed sheep find its way home of itself*! It needed the shepherd to go after it and bring it home.

Well now, this is just where Christianity comes in with something that no other religion offers. Humanity evi-

dently does *not* know the way home of itself. And nothing could be more explicit than the way in which Jesus Christ speaks of Himself in this respect. He says over and over;— "I am the Way." "I am not sent but unto the lost sheep." "The Son of man is come to save that which is lost." "I will seek that which was lost, and bring again that which was driven away, and will bind up that which was broken, and will strengthen that which was sick." "And ye my flock, the flock of my pasture are *men*, and *I am your God*." Ezek. 34-31.

Surely, this seems more like a Divine Revelation of love and power, and mercy, than any of the other answers we have listened to.

But some may say:—"This is all mere language. We want something practical. *How* does He do this?"

Well; I think as long as the sheep refuses to recognise that it really cannot help itself, nothing can be done.

But at the first cry for help the good Shepherd comes instantly.

How?

He comes to the hungering despairing heart, and introduces Himself by name quite simply; just one word about Himself, and another for us. "I am *Jesus*."

Jesus! What does that name mean? "A Saviour from sin." That is just what we want.

And then a word for us. "Blessed are ye that hunger and thirst after righteousness, *for ye shall be filled*."

And so the introduction is accomplished. And that is all, I think, that any soul can tell another of the beginnings of this wondrous salvation. The rest, each soul of man must learn of Christ for himself. It all depends upon what response is made to this blessed word of Jesus Christ.

It is not that much is necessary; only a turning towards Him! Perhaps instead of the former pride that had felt quite competent to do everything that was necessary for oneself, there is now a conscious helplessness that one cannot even turn towards him in will. Then *look*. He says, "Look unto me and be ye saved."

Of how many thousands may it be said "They *looked* unto him and were lightened; *and their faces were not ashamed*."

Only let the communication be in some way established; He speaking to the soul, the soul speaking back to Him, and all the rest is *His* work. He says;—"The words that I speak unto you they are spirit and they are life."

And one thing is certain. The fellowship thus once really begun no outside power can break. Yet this is not mere stoicism. No suffering, malignity, persecution, slander, or injustice of earth, can mar the peace He gives. Weak women in this present day, and even children, are able to echo the triumphant words of St. Paul;—"Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword?

"Nay in all these things we are more than conquerors through Him that loved us. For I am persuaded that neither death nor life, nor . . . . . things present nor things to come. Nor height, nor depth nor any other creature shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." Rom. 8: 39.

And then of course all this cannot be kept to oneself. The next thing is to carry out the blessed commission;—"When men are cast down, then shalt thou say;—"*There is lifting up*."

I agree fully that India is a most religious nation, and that it has a long list of saints and devotees to show, who have to the utmost followed out its ideals of renunciation and religious life. But all the more I long that the fuller light should come to it. Light which can teach one not to abandon the common ways of life; but so to walk in them as to make them pathways to heaven; can teach one not to scorn human affections, and ties, and duties, as so many *weights*; but to so use them as to make them *wings* to bear them up to the heart of God. And so my prayer goes up night and day:—

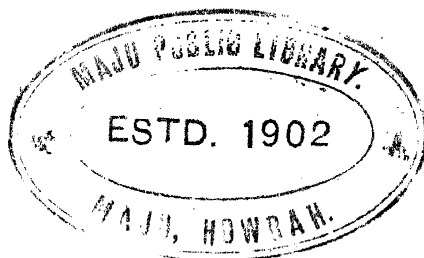
"That they may know Thee the true God, *and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent*."

And perhaps it is not irreverent to add, even in connection with these poor little papers ;—

"These are written that ye might believe that Jesus is the Son of God, and *that believing ye might have life through His name.*"

ELLA M. M. RIDSDALE,
Palamcotta, South India.

May 9th, 1898.



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